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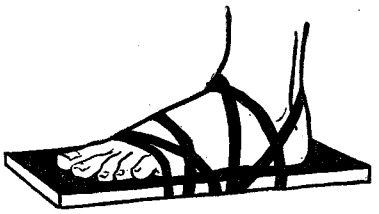

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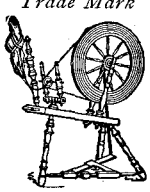

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The Outlook

8 MAY, 1909

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MEHMED V

Last week the Young Turks followed up their conquest of the city of Constantinople by deposing the Turkish Sultan, Abdul-Hamid II, and installing in his place his younger brother, Mohammed Rechad Effendi, under the title of Mehmed V. Mehmed is short for Mohammed or Mahomet, it being now considered inappropriate to adopt the Prophet's precise name. The deposed Sultan was taken from his palace of Yildiz Kiosk to the War Office, where he was imprisoned, together with his household. A remarkable procession followed him from the medley of buildings known as the Yildiz Palace. Yildiz means "star." The first kiosk or pavilion in the grounds was built seventy-odd years ago by Sultan Mahmud, Abdul-Hamid's grandfather. Abdul-Medjid, Abdul-Hamid's father, replaced the pavilion by a larger one, and others were gathered about it. A triple wall protected the Sultan from the outside world. From out this wall came last week about six hundred spies, eunuchs, women, and servants. The prisoners were not altogether unhappy, however, since the investing army had cut off the water, gas, and electric supplies from the palace and had stopped the ingress of food, so that all the population in the palace was already suffering from hunger and panic. No consideration was given to the Sultan's plea to end his days in the Cheraghan Palace, where he had been born---and where he had kept his brother Murad imprisoned for very many years. Nor was he allowed to exchange dwellings with his brother Rechad, whom he had long kept practically a prisoner in the beautiful Dolmabagtche Palace on the shore of the Bosphorus. Rechad has always been surrounded by a household composed of the Sultan's spies, and was not permitted to leave the palace grounds without the permission of his elder brother. According to Mussulman law, Rechad is legally the successor of Abdul-Hamid. The succession, therefore, commended itself to the more regular observers of the law inside and outside of Turkey proper. Moreover, to judge from his more liberal character, despite his lack of experience, the new Sultan should stand a good chance, being a tool ready to the Young Turks' hands, of welding together the Empire's various elements. At all events, the two Houses of the Turkish Parliament, meeting as a National Assembly, unanimously approved the decree of deposition read by the Sheik-ul-Islâm, chief of the Ulemas, the doctors of theology and commentators on the Sheri, or Sacred Law. The document recited that Abdul-Hamid's acts were contrary to the Sacred Law, that he was thereupon deposed, and that the succession fell upon Rechad. The Assembly therefore chose Rechad as Sultan.

THE CEREMONIES OF TRANSFER

The ceremonies connected with the transfer of power were simple. The newly chosen ruler took the oath at the War Office. He then proceeded to the Parliament House, and later went to Top Kapu Palace to kiss the Prophet's robe. He then returned, as head of the Empire, to his own palace where for so many years he had practically been a prisoner. He was enthusiastically cheered by the crowds. Like magic, picture post-cards of the new Sultan appeared in the streets and found great sale. A more interesting occurrence, however, was the appearance for the first time in the capital of motor omnibuses! The new Sultan must now go to the old Seraglio, the citadel of the capital. The fortress has as its principal entrance the so-called "Sublime Porte," from which

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the Government of the Ottoman Empire takes its name. Here proclamation of the Sultan's advent to power is made. The Sultan's real consecration, "the Ceremony of the Sword," takes place later. It is held in the exquisite mosque of Eyub. The temple commemorates the Prophet's comrade who fell under the walls of Constantinople when, in the seventh century, it was first besieged by the Saracens. Here is preserved the sword of Othman, or Osman, the founder of the dynasty. The investiture of the Sultan with this time-honored weapon takes the place of the coronation of kings in Christian countries. Mehmed V has now been officially recognized by President Taft and by the rulers of Europe. But another man last week divided popular acclaim with the new Sultan; namely, Chefket Pasha, the leader of the troops from Macedonia and Salonika. His vigor in conducting the troops to the capital was only equaled by his self-restraint on arriving there. The method of taking the capital was suggested by Pertev Pasha, the chief of staff of the Constitutional army. During the Russo-Japanese War Pertev Pasha was military attaché at the front. His experience of the decisive night marches by which the Japanese obtained their greatest successes in the Manchurian campaign led him to advise the capture of Constantinople by a similar scheme; hence the attack occurred before daybreak. So great was the general admiration for Chefket Pasha's success that many Young Turks desired him to be the new Grand Vizier, or Premier. In reply Chefket is reported to have said that the viziership afforded a splendid opportunity to assist in the country's political development, but that he could not accept it while still leader of the army, as to do so would not accord with his ideas of civil and political liberty of action. During the past few days he has purged Constantinople of no less than two hundred and fifty mutineers and those who led the recent rising against the authority of the State. These persons were summarily court-martialed. The most prominent was Nadir Pasha, a palace eunuch and Abdul-Hamid's intimate adviser. Chefket Pasha is an Arab. He comes from Bagdad. He has lived for eleven years in Europe, and received his military training in Germany. His conduct of the march on Constantinople, the capture of the city, and the administration of public order since, is evidence of the thoroughness of his training.

THE MASSACRES IN ASIA MINOR

The advent of the new Government at Constantinople is already evident in the region of Asia Minor where the recent massacres occurred. In the city of Adana, the scene of the most widespread disaster, the Armenian quarter has been practically wiped out. The neighboring town of Hadjin, which for a fortnight has been threatened by fanatical Kurds and other Mohammedan tribesmen, whose camps completely encircled it, is now relieved, as is Adana, by Government troops. Their arrival has also greatly simplified the whole situation in Asia Minor. But there is an enormous work of relief among the sufferers to be undertaken. The initiative of the Mission Boards has now been followed by that of the National Red Cross, which has already sent by cable remittances to Mr. Leishman, the American Ambassador at Constantinople. The Ambassador is co-operating with the Rev. W. W. Peet, the representative at Constantinople of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, who has an admirable organization for the distribution of relief. It is now evident that the causes of the recent massacres were two—the bloody fanaticism of ignorant Mohammedans and the egregious folly of a few Armenians. Some believe that the attacks on the Armenians were arranged from Constantinople to take place at the same time with the mutiny of the troops at the capital for the restoration of absolutism. On the other hand, the natural animosity of the Mohammedans to the Armenians has been intensified by the recklessness of a small group of Armenian extremists who do not at all represent the great body of the Armenian population. In general, the Armenians favor the new régime; indeed, the strength of the constitutional movement in Turkey has been due in no small measure to the loyalty of educated and balanced Armenians. In all of the centers of the interior these Armenians are on the executive committees

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of the Ottoman Clubs, the purpose of which is the training of the people in the privileges of constitutional government. But the relations between Mohammedan and Christian extremists became so strained that at Adana Christian and Mohammedan policemen patrolled the streets of the city night and day. The result of all has shown how cruel the Turk can be. It is a satisfaction to report that the massacres have not extended to other parts of Asia Minor. This, however, should not prevent the signatories of the Treaty of Berlin from beginning to realize their responsibilities. They have an opportunity now to do something towards atoning for their inaction during the Armenian massacre of 1895–1896. Doubtless with this in mind, at a meeting in New York City last week a memorial was drawn expressing their support of every action our Government might take in behalf of peace. In response to a telegram sent last week to the Department of State by the Rev. M. G. Papagian, pastor of the Armenian Protestant Church in New York City, the Hon. Huntington Wilson, Acting Secretary of State, telegraphed as follows:

> The President is much concerned at the situation in Asia Minor, as endangering so many innocent lives. The Department of State is in constant telegraphic correspondence with the Embassy at Constantinople. Every possible effort is being made to protect American life and property in the present disturbances.
>
> Foreign vessels are believed to have already arrived at the most threatened points, and this Government has sought their assistance for the protection of any of its citizens who may be in jeopardy, and has for the same purpose ordered American war-ships to Turkish waters with all possible despatch. It is earnestly hoped that the presence of American vessels and the President's and this Government's well-known abhorrence of these atrocities may contribute to the early restoration of order by the Turkish authorities, seconded by the European Powers who are parties to the treaty engagements for the protection of Armenians, to which Powers, as well as to the Turkish Government, the humanitarian sentiments of this Government are well known.

These massacres are a product of the anarchic conditions which have always existed under Turkish absolutism. Any service which this country can render in healing the wounds will be an aid to those men who are introducing liberty into the land of the Turk.

THE DUTCH PRINCESS

No childless mother has ever yearned more intensely for a child than has Holland for an heir to the throne, and all the world will rejoice with that brave little country in the possession of a Princess, born on Friday of last week, and described by cable as weighing six and a half pounds and having light hair and blue eyes. The Princess is to bear the name of Juliana Louise Emma Marie Wilhelmina. The whole country promptly gave itself up to a spontaneous celebration, and bloomed, as it does on patriotic occasions, with orange, from small rosettes to great flags and sashes. Elderly Dutchmen danced in the public squares; in crowded cafés the Princess was toasted; church bells rang, bands played, fireworks were set off, whistles and sirens blew, and quiet Holland was for the time being a happy pandemonium. If the German Emperor stands as godfather for the Princess, it will be a very picturesque ending to a long anxiety; for the interest in an heir to the throne has been not only personal but political. For years past the possibility of the failure of the Queen to give the throne an heir has made Dutchmen apprehensive that, in case of her death without a successor, Holland might be brought face to face with the possibility of the loss of her cherished and desperately-fought-for independence. Both for commerce and for war the harbors of Holland would be of enormous value to Germany; and probably there have been times when getting control of the country has been seriously discussed in Berlin. If the Queen had died without children, the crown would have passed to one of her second cousins in Germany. Holland, however, occupies a very strong position in the sentiment of the world, and it is doubtful, even if a German prince came to the throne, if her independence would have been seriously threatened.

A BALKY LEGISLATURE

If the Republican machine in New York State had deliberately planned to make the people of the State distrustful of the two chief political parties as they are at present organized, and to make more

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secure Governor Hughes's position as representative of public opinion, it could have acted no more efficiently than it has in its control of the Legislature. If it had dared, it would have rejected finally the Governor's recommendation for the adoption of Direct Nominations. It showed its animosity to the Governor by its cavalier treatment of the Direct Nominations Bill, but it did not have the courage to stifle it. So it provided for the creation of a Commission to study the subject and report to the Legislature. Such a commission can gather no information on the general subject of Direct Nominations which is not now available by the Legislature. In the library at the Capitol there are books and documents on the subject which for three months at least have been arranged and classified by the librarian and brought together into one place for the convenience of every legislator who has desired to know the facts. The Commission can gather no information on the peculiar features of the bill advocated by Governor Hughes, because those features have never been tried and cannot be tried until New York—or some other State more enterprising—adopts them. The creation of this Commission will have two results: first, it will make it impossible for the Governor to call the Legislature to deal with the subject in special session, as the machine feared he might do; second, it will keep it before the minds of the people of the State and emphasize the effectiveness of Governor Hughes as a leader in constructive legislation. As if to illustrate and emphasize one of Governor Hughes's arguments for the need of Direct Nominations, the Republican machine combined with the Democratic machine in rejecting a number of bills to secure greater honesty, fairness, and accuracy in the conduct of elections. These two machines were one, also, in resisting the attempts to increase the control of the State, through its Public Service Commissions, over public service companies. They failed to enact laws needed for the better regulation of street railways and for the inclusion of telephone and telegraph companies within the jurisdiction of the Commissions. Their resistance, however, was not altogether effectual, as will appear later. They rejected, by ignoring, Governor Hughes's sound suggestion that the present system of dividing between the Governor and the Senate the responsibility for removing certain executive officials be ended by concentrating responsibility upon the Governor. They united, too, in delaying unnecessarily consideration of the proposed new charter for New York City. Inasmuch as by that charter the responsibility for municipal government would be much more clearly defined, and considerable patronage would be done away with, the reason for bi-partisan opposition is not obscure. Nevertheless, the Legislature did not have the effrontery to reject it; so it created a Commission to study the product of the Charter Commission, and thus relieved itself of the fear of an extraordinary session on that score. The Legislature passed but few very bad bills. One of these—providing a bond issue for State pensions to Civil War veterans—it passed obviously to embarrass the Governor. According to the Constitution, only one bill providing for a bond issue shall be submitted to the people in any one year. Inasmuch as another bill which the Governor recommended requires a bond issue, this bill he will be virtually compelled to veto. It is supposed that in consequence he will lose some popularity. Two bills which the Legislature passed grant the New York Central Railroad certain perpetual franchise rights in New York City. On the other hand, the Legislature has to its credit not a few good deeds. It passed the resolution which submits to the people an amendment to the Constitution eliminating from the debt-limit of the city self-supporting bonds. It also passed an important rapid transit bill which The Outlook outlined last week. It refused to allow even good people with a good purpose to take part of Central Park. In response to the Governor's recommendation, it passed several bills for the conservation of forests and other natural resources—specifically the bill for the creation of the Highlands of the Hudson Forest Reservation. It failed, however, to pass the Constitutional amendment which, by permitting removal of dead wood in the Adirondacks, would prevent many forest fires. Its failure in this matter was due to petty personal

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feeling. It consolidated the statutes of the State, but in doing so managed to make the pollution of rivers by factories easier and the regulation of railways more difficult. It is strange that mistakes of this kind are always in favor of special interests and not in the interest of the public. It has also removed the legal limitations which made the establishment of tuberculosis hospitals difficult, and has in this respect performed a brave and right act. In matters where private interests were not greatly concerned, the Legislature has acted with much common sense; but in those matters where the interests of the public have encountered private interests, the majority have acted as if they thought they were a body of boys who were thwarting a schoolmaster.

THE IMMIGRATION COMMISSION'S REPORT

The Commission created by the New York Legislature and appointed by Governor Hughes in 1908, to make full inquiry into the condition, welfare, and industrial opportunities of aliens within the State, has made its report to the Governor. Its principal recommendation, if adopted, will provide machinery for carrying into effect most of its other numerous findings. It is for the creation of a new department of the State Government, to be known as the Department of Industries and Immigration. This would have to do with the control of the present means of distributing immigrant labor through the licensed employment agencies, padrones, and charitable and philanthropic societies, with the inspection of labor camps, with supervision over the many "homes" which have sprung up to meet the varying needs of the alien races, and with other ways of protecting the immigrants from serious impositions and exploitations now practiced upon them. It would, for instance, safeguard them as far as possible from the fraudulent sale to them of worthless steamship tickets; it would provide educational machinery with the view of making a larger number of the immigrants a source of strength to the State instead of a burden. One of the most important of the many subjects investigated by the Commission is that of the immigrant bank, so called, and its relations to the depositors, who are usually of the banker's own nationality. There are about one thousand of these small immigrant banks throughout the State, and large sums of money are sent annually to these New York City banks by immigrants in other States. These banks accept deposits as well as transmit money abroad. In one year only—from September 1, 1907, to September 1, 1908—there were twenty-five failures of these small banks, resulting in a loss to their 12,279 depositors of some $1,459,000. Practically this entire sum was lost by workers least able to bear it. It is significant that the depositors in incorporated banks and trust companies which failed during this period of financial depression were safeguarded against the loss of a single penny. No one thing is more conclusively proven by the Commission's report than that the immigrants among us must be protected in their savings and deposits and transmissions as thoroughly as are our own citizens. How important this is is indicated in the fact that something like $200,000,000 is sent abroad in ordinary times by the immigrants located in the United States. The recommendations of the Commission also cover such important subjects as the protection of immigrants from impositions and exploitations of various kinds at the docks and ferries, when looking for work, when purchasing prepaid steamship tickets from notaries public who cheat them with worthless deeds and papers, and when dealing with incompetent and dishonest interpreters, upon whom at times depends the immigrant's sole hope of justice, as when accused of crime, for instance. This is, we believe, the first time in the history of immigration to this country that an official State Commission has approached the subject from the point of view of protection to the immigrant as part of the larger question of protection to the State.

THE DISTRIBUTION OF IMMIGRANTS

One often hears it stated that the problem of immigration is one of distribution; that if we distribute the immigrants properly where they are most needed and under favorable conditions, there will be fewer evils resulting from

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immigration. The New York Commission of Immigration at least recognizes the distribution of immigrants as a very important phase of the problem it was directed to investigate, for in its report it takes up considerable space with a discussion of this subject. It describes interestingly and in some detail the present machinery which has grown up for this purpose, and calls attention to what is evidently the failure of this machinery to do its work thoroughly and satisfactorily, pointing out the congestion of unemployed labor in the large cities while the agricultural sections of the State are in great need of labor. According to the New York Commissioner of Agriculture, not only are many farms of the State not worked to their full capacity because of the inability of the farmers to secure farm labor, but in some instances crops remain ungathered for want of help. "This question of labor," he says, "is of a serious character, crippling to a larger extent than is generally supposed the agricultural interests of the State." The rural sections, he says further, have suffered a marked decrease in population; the extent to which this drift from the farms has gone "in many of the rural counties is seen in the astonishing assertion, supported by facts, that to-day 100,000 farm laborers are required to supply the needs of the farmers of the State, and that three or four thousand families are needed to settle upon our unoccupied or partly worked farms in order that our agricultural lands may be advanced to anything like their normal condition of productiveness and value." It is pointed out that these conditions have been accompanied, not only by a decrease in the total number of farms in the State, but also by a decrease of farm values of $168,000,000 from 1880 to 1900, "a loss in valuation of farm property in the State of $7,400,000 each year." In connection with a discussion of this serious tendency, the report of the Immigration Commission presents an analysis of the character of the labor coming to the United States through immigration. This analysis shows that in the eight years from 1902 to 1908 a total of 1,043,492 of our immigrants had been farmers and farm laborers in their European homes. A very small proportion of these took up agricultural pursuits in this country. It is not infrequently the case, says the report, to find them in the clothing, shoe, and other industries in crowded city centers, partly because of the absence of any effective means for their agricultural distribution, or for making known to the alien information as to the agricultural opportunities open to him in New York State. It would seem that, with the exercise on the part of the State of a little more intelligence and foresight, much of this immigrant labor could be directed advantageously to its unoccupied farms, to take the place of the native population which has been abandoning the agricultural districts at the rate of about 20,000 a year for the past twenty years. So far very little has been done to replace this loss with immigrants, and in consequence but few of the farms in New York State are intensively worked, or are producing more than a small proportion of their actual capacity. Besides this, agricultural distribution of immigrants who are farmers and farm laborers would have an influence upon the solution of other important problems, such as the price of farm products, the cost of living, rate of wages, and congested city centers.

BOSTON—1915

There is nothing like a watchword to give definiteness to a movement The organization of business men, philanthropists, and other patriotic citizens of Boston which has formulated "A Plan of a Plan" for a better Boston takes as its watchword the sentence "Boston—1915—The Finest City in the World." Concretely, it is proposed to plan out all improvement and development possible of execution in the next six years, to work on the selected lines with the date 1915 in mind, and at that time to have a kind of stock-taking of what has actually been accomplished. At a great public meeting held to discuss the project, the presiding officer, Mr. Edward A. Filene, declared his belief that the growth and welfare of the city could be immeasurably helped by co-ordination and planning ahead. "Cities," he said, "in the past have grown unguided. But a change has come in the world. Cities are being planned now. And why not?" It

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is not proposed to invent much new machinery; Boston has numerous agencies for good; but to co-ordinate these agencies, to get individual men and women—and even children—to engage themselves to work practically, to give definite hours and days, to do each an assigned share—all for the better Boston of 1915. "Thus," said Mr. Filene, "the Chamber of Commerce, the Boston Merchants' Association, all the citizens' associations, all the schools and churches and theaters and libraries, shall have their part, and each shall have the help of all the others when needed." Already an outline plan has been formulated, and as it may well serve as a suggestion for other cities and as it also expresses practically the "Boston 1915" idea, we give it here in its most condensed form:

1—Expert accounting of city finances.
2—To understand waste and losses.
3—To have the best public health body.
4—Careful accounting of human resources.
5—Better relations between city and employees.
6—Extend present, introduce new enterprises.
7—Study and better New England as a whole.
8—Organize great system of public education.
9—Intelligent system of transportation.
10—To map a physically perfect Boston.
11—Establish neighborhood centers.
12—Regular courses of lectures in these.
13—Broaden public library branches.
14—Increase knowledge by picture and lecture.
15—Have more music in the public centers.
16—Pension plan for incapacitated workers.

Still further to show how the plan proposes to map out the work, assigning certain parts of it to the next few months, and certain other parts to the period between 1910 and 1915, we select a single broad and brief exposition of one of the sixteen propositions—Number Five:

Fifth, by 1910, to secure a broad-minded consideration by and with its employers and employees of their relations; happier and better conditions here for both the workers themselves and their wives and children than anywhere else in the world, to the end that by 1915 all Boston shall be busy in peace and prosperity, and leading in the solution of this great problem.

The other great cities will watch with profound interest this novel and comprehensive movement. If carried out successfully, it will be a splendid example of conscious civic foresight.

THE SUGAR FRAUDS

The American Sugar Refining Company has settled with the United States Government for all of the claims which the latter had against it arising out of the fraudulent weighing on the docks of its refineries at Brooklyn and Jersey City, described last week in The Outlook under the title "The Case of the Seventeen Holes." The payment includes in all about $2,000,000 for unpaid duties withheld by fraud, and about $135,000 as penalty awarded by the jury. The Company abandons its protests as to the first payments it made in restitution (about $760,000 additional was paid last week), and accepts as final the Government's estimate of the amounts really and fairly due. The management of the Sugar Company was convinced by the Government's evidence at the trial last March, and by the resulting verdict of the jury, that the alleged frauds actually existed at the Havemeyer and Elder docks, and soon afterwards announced to Mr. Stimson and Mr. Denison, who represented the Government, their readiness to repay to the Government such amounts as could be shown to have been withheld by reason of those frauds. The present settlement is a substantial restitution to the Government of the unpaid duties affected by these frauds. This settlement with the Sugar Company in no wise affects the criminal prosecution of the individuals who are responsible for the perpetration of these frauds, and such prosecutions, it is officially stated, will be pressed to a finish by the Government. Reports in the New York newspapers (which, by the way, seemed last week for the first time to realize the vast extent and despicable character of these admitted pilferings) represent Mr. Stimson as saying that it is "the intention of the Government, in getting after individuals responsible for defrauding the Government of this immense sum, to reach up just as high as the law and the evidence would let it." The New York Times comments: "The Sugar Company's money had been unlawfully withheld from the United States Treasury by the acts of

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agents of the Company who had and could have no personal gain from those acts save as their superiors procured it for them directly or indirectly. The money was kept by the Company. For that illegal, dishonest retention the Company necessarily is responsible." Meanwhile the city of New York proposes to press its claim for restitution against the Sugar Company for water which, it is alleged, has been systematically taken without payment for many years through pipes surreptitiously introduced—one of them actually of no less than ten inches diameter. The New York Sun states that the city has rejected a settlement at $74,000, and demands $230,000. In this case, as in the false weighing, the officials of the Company declare their total ignorance of the matter, the intimation being that overzealous employees took the water for the benefit of the stockholders.

PETER FENELON COLLIER

New York City has recently lost two remarkable citizens, both of foreign birth. Peter Fénelon Collier was an Irishman, born in 1849. Part of his youth was spent in Ireland, but he contined his education at St. Mary's Seminary, Cincinnati. His parents were not wealthy enough to give their children anything but the most ordinary educational advantages. Hence Peter Collier had to begin his business career at an early age, and he began it by selling books. He carried his wares from door to door. The bright, witty Irish boy prospered from the start. Before long he embarked in the business of publishing books. He made friends everywhere, and, when he turned to another form of publication, ultimately transforming "Once a Week" into Collier's Weekly, the success of the enterprise was largely assured, a success emphasized by Mr. Norman Hapgood's courageous and able editorship. The energy and fearlessness of Collier's Weekly, as shown both in its editorial and business departments, have given it a position of leadership. Mr. Collier took justifiable pride in all this success. He was also well known because of his love of sport. At his country place near Eatontown, New Jersey, he lived like an Irish squire, keeping his pack of hounds and hunting over the surrounding country. He understood how to do this without interfering with agricultural development, and was a welcome visitor at the farm-houses, where he remembered all the inmates by name and invariably asked after the health of each with characteristic Irish warm-heartedness. This trait was manifest in the annual barbecue which he gave on his estate, attended by all the farmers, their wives and children. His kindness was also shown in the way he provided for the horses which he had been accustomed to ride. He did not sell them; he provided a comfortable place for them for the rest of their lives. It was fitting that the remains of this true sportsman and gentleman should be laid to rest on the hill at Wichatunk, in the heart of the Jersey country he loved so well; that at his grave one of the mourners should be his favorite horse, now riderless, and that his riding-cap and his horn should be on the casket. As Mr. Robert Collier, his only son and now sole proprietor of Collier's Weekly, well says in the issue of that paper which has just come to hand:

> His gallant spirit went forth to meet death with the same smile with which he faced the New Country as a poor Irish boy over forty years ago. He worked his way to success with his strong hands (as a carpenter once in Dayton, Ohio, and at other humble, honorable tasks), and with his unflinching courage and with his big, open, boyish heart. He was absolutely fearless, yet the gentlest, the most easily moved, of men. He had friends in all walks of life, sprinkled all over the world. He worked hard and played hard, and he loved his fellow-men, not theoretically but with a hearty and personal affection.

HEINRICH CONRIED

Heinrich Conried, who died abroad, was born in Austrian Silesia in 1855, the son of a weaver. A poor boy, he broke away from weaving, went to Vienna, became an actor, and then went to Bremen, where he had his first experience as stage manager. The Bremen Stadt Theater had failed. Mr. Conried rehabilitated it, and received the thanks of the Bremen Senate. He came to America as the manager of the old Germania Theater; finally he took hold of the Irving Place Theater. Here he established the most prominent example which America has yet seen of the

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splendid system exemplified by the Théâtre Français at Paris and the Burgtheater at Vienna; that is to say, a stock company of first-rate material, drilled in many plays and showing the same excellence in the most minor as in the "star" rôles. In Mr. Conried's very first season at the Irving Place Theater he presented over seventy plays, many of them revivals of the German classics. Tickets to special performances were sold at reduced rates to school children, and the Irving Place Theater began to be recognized as an educational institution. With Mr. Conried's transference, eleven years later, to the Metropolitan Opera-House as Director, and the absorption of his interests there—where his success was relatively less—the Irving Place Theater began to suffer. Its company does not now represent the brilliant standard set by the Conried company, augmented as it frequently was by great actors from abroad—Sonnenthal, Bonn, Barnay, Sorma, for example. But the work done by Mr. Conried with a German theater in America shows what might be done with an English-speaking theater. This also was his idea, and he, with others, planned the New Theater, the beautiful building of which, in Central Park West, is now approaching completion. Mr. Conried was appointed by the founders the first general administrator of the New Theater. It will, we hope, carry on the traditions of the two really great theaters of the world, the Burgtheater and the Théâtre Français, traditions represented pre-eminently in this country by Heinrich Conried.

A DELIGHTFUL ESSAYIST

When Mr. Charles Warren Stoddard's little volume, "South Sea Idyls," appeared twenty-five years ago, it found many readers who welcomed it as a book which not only described a foreign country, but invested it with the charm of a foreign atmosphere. The Sandwich Islands were not as well known a quarter of a century ago as they have since become; they were far more than to-day the land of the lotus-eater; and the pleasure of Mr. Stoddard's chapters lay largely in the contrast they furnished to the stir and action, the sharp outlines, and the highly organized life of America. It was this impressionistic quality in his writing which reminded people of Pierre Loti, with whom he was often compared. In an introductory letter to the volume Mr. Howells said: "You knew long ago how I delighted in those things, the lightest, sweetest, wildest, freshest things that were ever written about the life of that summer ocean." Born in Rochester, Mr. Stoddard went early to California, and was for a time a student at the State University, which, by reason of ill health, he left before the completion of his course. For a time he drifted about, making an effort to become an actor; discovering that he was not qualified for that profession, he went into journalism, and for five years visited many parts of the world as the correspondent of a San Francisco newspaper. Although an experienced traveler, with a singular gift of interpreting foreign countries and reproducing foreign landscapes, Mr. Stoddard had something of the recluse in him. He spent three years in Hawaii. On his return he became professor in the Roman Catholic University of Notre Dame, where he taught literature. After other travels he accepted the chair of English in the Catholic University at Washington, a position which he occupied until the time of his death, two weeks ago. Of late years he has spent his life largely in retirement; he was not easily accessible to visitors, but was always charming when they had the opportunity of meeting him. He was deeply interested in the Sandwich Islands; and many readers of The Outlook will recall his account of "The Lepers of Molokai" and his impressions of Father Damien. One of his later books, "Exits and Entrances," which appeared six years ago, had a delightful literary quality, and an old-time charm of leisurely literary association. The list of his books is of considerable length, but the books are small volumes, beginning with a group of poems published in 1867, and ending with "The Dream Lady," forty years later.

A PUBLIC SERVANT WITH HIGH IDEALS

A man died in a New York hospital last week whose name is probably not known to one out of ten of our readers, yet who deserved well of his country and might well stand as a model

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of a high type of public servant. Andrew Mason, who held a Government position for fifty-nine years in a faithful, unobtrusive way, was really a benefactor of the Government. He became an assistant assayer in 1850, just when the California gold discoveries were crowding the mints, and he advanced from one position to another until he became Superintendent of the New York Assay Office about twenty-five years ago, and continued in that position until age made him unable to take the full responsibility, when the Government very properly and with a true sense of gratitude created the office of assistant superintendent especially for Mr. Mason, and thus he continued in its service until the time of his death. Years ago, in the course of his experiments as an official melter and refiner, Mr. Mason made the remarkable discovery that sulphuric acid could be used instead of nitric acid in the process of separating gold and silver from the baser metals. This discovery was of immense practical importance, and there is no manner of question that Mr. Mason could have patented his process and have reaped enormous wealth for himself. He was advised to do this by friends and fellow-workers, but he quietly said that, in his judgment, since the discoveries were made while he was at work for the Government, the benefits belonged to the Government. Accordingly he freely turned over his knowledge and invention to the United States, and it has been estimated that thereby he saved the country over a hundred thousand dollars a year. The same course was taken by Mr. Mason with regard to other discoveries, and the total value saved to the Government and the people of the United States was of great magnitude. This was recognized by Congress through a resolution of thanks and by a moderate money appropriation. It is refreshing in these times, when we hear so much of graft prosecution and of attempts to cheat or get the best of the Government, to know that such a man of unswerving honesty and fine conscience is to be found. Yet it is unquestionably true that the class of public officials to which Mr. Mason belonged is in fact a large one and that the evil-doer is the exception and not the rule.

THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH CLUBS

The seventeenth annual meeting of the National Conference of the Church Clubs of the United States, an influential and growing association of the laymen of the Episcopal Church, held its sessions in New York City on Tuesday and Wednesday of last week. There was a communion service in the crypt of the Cathedral at an early hour on Tuesday morning, and the subsequent meetings of the Conference were held in Synod Hall on the Cathedral grounds. Mr. Robert H. Gardiner, of Maine, President of the Conference, emphasized in his opening address the necessity of a profounder religious life and greater consecration on the part of laymen. Professor C. S. Baldwin, of Yale University, read an illuminating paper on "Immigration and the Church," pointing out the rapid changes of population which have taken place in various sections of the country, and illustrating from the situation in Connecticut, which now contains about sixty-five per cent of foreign-born people; the various groups of people, no longer Scandinavian or Germanic, but Slavic, Latin, and Oriental, presenting very diverse problems to the churches. While some of the leaders of the English Church have been making overtures from time to time to the Greek Church in an academic way, and the relations between the two Churches have become distinctly friendly, in this country the relations of the Greek Church and the Episcopal Church have taken a practical shape, because in a number of places Greek services are held in Episcopal churches and fraternal relations are established between the clergymen of the two Churches. Perhaps the most vital and interesting discussion of the Conference was that on "Christian Unity and Unchristian Division." Mr. George W. Pepper, of Philadelphia, one of the most eminent laymen in the Episcopal Church, discussed the whole matter with a frankness, breadth of view, and Christian feeling which lifted the discussion at the start to a very high level. The spirit of this address and of the other two addresses by Mr. Zabriskie and Mr. Stetson, the President of the New York Church Club, registered a great advance in dealing with this most important question. Mr. Stetson received en-

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thusiastic indorsement when he declared that if the Nineteenth Canon—dealing with what is known as "the open pulpit"—was not acceptable it was idle for the Episcopal Church to talk about Christian unity. Mr. Pepper had previously touched the very heart of this discussion in the Episcopal Church when he said that the only regret in connection with the adoption of the Nineteenth Canon was that the Church was not spiritually prepared for it. "The Emmanuel Movement and Its Deeper Meaning," discussed by Professor D.S.Miller,of Columbia University,brought to the front another matter of living interest. A dinner given by the New York Club to the Conference on Tuesday evening brought together a large assembly of the clergy of the diocese of New York, with representative laymen of New York City, and delegates from twenty-one dioceses. Addresses were made by Mr. Stetson, Bishop Greer, the Rev. Dr. Manning, rector of Trinity Church, Mr. Gardiner, and Mr. Mabie. The Conference was notable for its breadth of view and its profoundly religious spirit. Its sessions were significant, not only because of what was said in them, but as an evidence of the rapid growth of the lay movement in the Episcopal Church.

A NEW PHASE OF PAN-AMERICANISM

The Scientific Congress held in Santiago, Chile, last winter was, as we are informed by a special correspondent, one of the most significant events in the intellectual history of the New World. Here for the first time, and under circumstances free from suspicions of "manifest destiny" or of "doing business," delegates from the United States were enabled to meet their colleagues in science from eighteen other American republics for a consideration of problems of common interest. Not only the Government of this country, but some fifteen of our universities and seven of our learned societies, were represented in the gathering, and forty-five out of the six hundred or more papers presented there were contributed by Americans. How much the advent of the United States was welcomed may be seen in the fact that Washington was fixed as the place, and October 12, 1912, as the date, of the next session. The topics treated by the Congress ranged over the entire field of science, but the idea of intellectual co-operation among the Latin-American republics and between them and the United States held the chief place. It found expression in the formal proceedings of the various sections, in the social functions provided with that boundless hospitality for which Latin-Americans are famous, and above all in the numerous conclusions adopted by the Congress as a whole. Among such conclusions several deserve special mention. They recommended, for example, a comparative study of the political institutions and of the problems and principles connected with the development of the American republics; the establishment of a Pan-American association of international peace and arbitration; the adoption of a system of standard time throughout the Americas; the creation of a Pan-American meteorological service; the employment of a uniform method of taking the census, modeled on that of the United States; and the speedy construction of the Pan-American (Intercontinental) Railway. They suggested the organization of future Pan-American Scientific Congresses on a permanent basis; the appointment in each republic of a standing committee charged with the duty of promoting the study and application of the work of the Congress, collaborating for this purpose with the International Bureau of the American Republics at Washington; and the holding annually in each country of a national scientific congress with a scope similar to that possessed by the international body itself. They proposed, also, the establishment in the national library of each state of a bureau that should facilitate an exchange and consultation of works relating to the American republics; the organization, similarly, of an international university bureau that should facilitate communication among the various universities of the American continent; the formation of a Pan-American educational association; and the encouragement of a reciprocal study of English, Spanish, and Portuguese. These conclusions indicate efficient ways of utilizing our intellectual relations with the Latin-American republics for the advancement

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of a better international understanding. The broadening of our knowledge about our southern neighbors will tend to remove the contemptuous notion, born of ignorance, that they are barely more than half-civilized. On the other hand, when the Latin-Americans come to derive their information about us from sources other than ignorance and mistrust, they will be less disposed to think, as many of them do, that the United States produces much that is big and little that is good. Perhaps the greatest achievement of the Congress was to give to "Pan-Americanism" a meaning and a purpose more definite than it has ever possessed before. As thus newly interpreted, "Pan-Americanism" implies no desire on the part of the American republics for a development isolated from the activities of the world at large, no disposition to acquire a wealth, power, or culture from which other nations are to be excluded, and no feeling of animosity towards the countries of Europe in particular.

THE PROFESSORIAL EXCHANGE BETWEEN FRANCE AND AMERICA

M. Abel Lefranc lately arrived in this country from France to take up his work as lecturer at Harvard under the auspices of the Cercle Français. M. Lefranc, the twelfth lecturer on the Hyde Foundation at Harvard, is Professor of French Literature in the Collège de France at Paris, but is more widely known as the discoverer of some twelve thousand verses written by the famous Marguerite of Navarre. He made this discovery while searching the archives of the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris in connection with the preparation of a history of French mediæval literature. He is an eminent authority on the literature of the first half of the fifteenth century in France. One of Professor Lefranc's predecessors at Harvard, M. René Deumic, the brilliant critic, was lately elected to the French Academy, as was M. Jean Aicard, the poet, in succession to tbe two distinguished Frenchmen who died last year, Gaston Boissier, the historian and archæologist, and François Coppée, the romancer and poet. Dr. van Dyke's long course of lectures on "The American Spirit" at the Sorbonne in Paris has awakened extraordinary interest, and the lecturer was called upon in many other ways to interpret America and American ideals to Paris audiences. They have found him an ideal interpreter, by reason of his clear knowledge of conditions in this country, his charming literary style, and his distinct and effective delivery. Having finished his work in Paris, he is now repeating the course in the provincial colleges and universities.

FOR CONSTRUCTIVE PHILANTHROPY

The weekly journal long known as Charities and the Commons has changed its often misunderstood title to The Survey. Originally a mere leaflet record of the doings of the Charity Organization Society of New York in helping helpless ones in the city to self-help, it was enlarged and then combined with The Commons, a publication issued at the famous Chicago settlement of that name. This title of the journal had long ceased to represent its deeper aim, and the wider scope suggested by its new title, as a National journal of that vital civilization which consists in the humanizing of social relations and conditions. In its special line as "a journal of constructive philanthropy, social, charitable, civic," and in its aim "to spread the news of social advance and to recruit workers for the common welfare," The Survey stands for interests which The Outlook upholds, and The Outlook hails it as an effective fellow-worker; especially as inspired with a noble enthusiasm for humanity, and an intelligent aim to ascertain and eradicate the causes of social sores, rather than to salve these with emollients. No important advance in this line, whether of effort or of achievement in our own or in other countries, fails of record in its pages, nor do the hindrances to such advance escape exposure. Its editor and chief contributors are recognized authorities in economics and sociology, associated with expert investigators of industrial and living conditions. Church pastors and others to whom a weekly religious journal is indispensable have reason to couple with it this journal of religion applied to the meliorizing of social life.

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THE JAPANESE QUESTION

There are certain elementary principles all of which should be kept steadily in view if a nation wishes to act justly both by itself and by others. It must insist upon what is necessary for its own healthy life, and this even at the cost of a possible clash; but this insistence on what is due to itself should always be accompanied by all possible courtesy to and fair dealing with others.

These are the principles upon which the people of the United States should act as regards the question of the immigration of the Japanese into this country. The Japanese are a highly civilized people of extraordinary military, artistic, and industrial development; they are proud, warlike, and sensitive. I believe that our people have, what I personally certainly have, a profound and hearty admiration for them; an admiration for their great deeds and great qualities, an ungrudging respect for their national character. But this admiration and respect is accompanied by the firm conviction that it is not for the advantage of either people that emigrants from either country should settle in mass in the other country. The understanding between the two countries on this point should be on a basis of entire mutuality, and therefore on a basis which will preserve unimpaired the self-respect of each country, and permit each to continue to feel friendly good will for the other. Japan would certainly object to the incoming of masses of American farmers, laborers, and small traders; indeed, the Japanese would object to this at least as strongly as the men of the Pacific Coast and Rocky Mountain States object to the incoming in mass of Japanese workmen, agricultural laborers, and men engaged in small trades. The Japanese certainly object to Americans acquiring land in Japan at least as much as the Americans of the far Western States object to the Japanese acquiring land on our soil. The Americans who go to Japan and the Japanese who come to America should be of the same general class—that is, they should be travelers, students, teachers, scientific investigators, men engaged in international business, men sojourning in the land for pleasure or study. As long as the emigration from each side is limited to classes such as these, there will be no settlement in mass, and therefore no difficulty. Wherever there is settlement in mass—that is, wherever there is a large immigration of urban or agricultural laborers, or of people engaged in small local business of any kind—there is sure to be friction. It is against the interests of both nations that such unrestricted immigration or settlement in mass should be allowed as regards either nation. This is the cardinal fact in the situation; it should be freely recognized by both countries, and can be accepted by each not only without the slightest loss of self-respect, but with the certainty that its acceptance will tend to preserve mutual respect and friendliness.

But in achieving this policy we should bear steadily in mind that it is our duty to combine the maximum of efficiency with the minimum of offensiveness. Only the National Government can carry out such a policy effectively, and the surest way to do harm is for State, municipal, or other local governments to pass laws which would be ineffective to obtain the real object and yet would produce intense irritation. The best of all possible ways in which to achieve the object is that which the governments of the two countries have now by common agreement adopted; for the Japanese Government has on its own initiative and of its own accord undertaken to prevent the coming hither in any appreciable numbers of Japanese of the classes to which I have referred. This agreement during the last year or thereabouts has worked so well that actually more Japanese have left the country than have come into it, and there has therefore been a diminution of their numbers. If this continues, all difficulties will cease without the need of further action, whether by treaty or by legislation. On the one hand, it is for the common interest of both countries that Japan should effectively and rigorously carry out this policy. On the other hand, it is not only the interest but the duty of America to take no further action until it can be seen whether this policy is successful; and this is just as wise, just as incumbent on us, whether we do or do not believe that it will be successful. The success of the policy must be gauged by its actual re-

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sults; that is, by the extent to which it arrests the immigration of large bodies of Japanese. If the Japanese Government proves unable to carry its policy through, then undoubtedly this Government, by treaty or by legislation, must protect itself and secure the desired result on its own initiative. But in such a case it would be doubly incumbent upon us to take the action in the way that would provoke the least possible friction and cause the least possible hard feeling. Moreover, we should make it evident that the recognition of the fact that it is to the interest of both races that the masses of both races should be kept apart is in no way incompatible with the heartiest feelings of mutual respect and admiration between the two races.

The fact that all really patriotic and far-sighted Americans insist that hand in hand with a policy of good will toward foreign nations should go the policy of the upbuilding of our navy is often interpreted by well-meaning but short-sighted men as being a threat toward other nations, or as being provocative of war. Of the two assumptions the first is utterly unwarranted, and the second is the direct reverse of the truth. We have the right to say, for instance, what immigrants shall come to our own shores; but we are powerless to enforce this right against any nation that chooses to disregard our wishes, unless we continue to build up and maintain a first-class fighting navy. The professional peace advocate who wishes us to stop building up our navy is, in reality, seeking to put us in a position where we would be absolutely at the mercy of any other nation that happened to wish to disregard our desires to control the immigration that comes to our shores, to protect our own interests in the Panama Canal, to protect our own citizens abroad, or to take any stand whatever either for our own international honor or in the interest of international righteousness. Moreover, those well-meaning but fatuous advocates of peace who would try to prevent the upbuilding of our navy utterly misread the temper of their countrymen. We Americans are ourselves both proud and high-spirited, and we are not always by any means far-sighted. If our honor or our interest were menaced by a foreign power, this Nation would fight, wholly without regard to whether or not its navy was efficient. In the event of a crisis arising, the peace advocates who object to our building up the navy would be absolutely powerless to prevent this country going to war. All they could do would be to prevent its being successful in the war. A strong navy is the surest guaranty of peace that America can have, and the cheapest insurance against war that Uncle Sam can possibly pay.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

OUR TARIFF PROGRAMME

The debate on the tariff drones wearisomely along, and the country grows tired of it. The House bill proposes some reductions, the Senate bill some other reductions, and both propose increases. How their proposals compare is made plain by the illustrative but incomplete table published in The Outlook for April 24.

The programme which The Outlook proposes to Congress is that it adopt all the reductions suggested by either House or Senate, and none of the increases, and then adjourn and go home. Even so the total reductions will not be great. Business men could then begin business with some assurance as to the conditions on which to base their calculations of prices. They would not have to wait for Congress to decide all the debatable and debated questions concerning other forms of taxation. Next fall, when Congress reassembles, it will know better than it knows now what deficit in the National income will be made by this reduction. Perhaps there will be no deficit; perhaps increased importations will cause the new tariff to give a better income than the old tariff. But if there is a deficiency, Congress can then take up the question of how to supply that deficiency. It will have five possible sources of taxation for this purpose, which it could debate at its leisure:

Spirits and tobacco.
Stamp tax.
Corporation tax.
Inheritance tax.
Income tax.

Congress will not need to draw on all these sources to supply any possible deficiency. Were it otherwise—if it had to

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draw on them all—the country would be benefited by the substitution of direct for indirect taxation. Then we should know when we are paying taxes and what taxes we are paying. Now we do not know, and in this case the motto does not apply, "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

THE DEPOSED SULTAN

Thirty-three years ago Abdul-Hamid II came to the throne of his ancestors as ruler of a vast empire extending from Arabia on the south to the Balkans on the north, from Mesopotamia on the east to Tripoli on the west, covering an area of over sixteen hundred thousand square miles, with a total population of about forty million people—the Ottoman Empire. The name comes from Othman, or Osman, the founder of the Turkish Empire in Asia.

Abdul-Hamid II was the second son of Sultan Abdul-Medjid, and the nephew of Abul-Aziz, the Sultan who was deposed in 1876, and who was succeeded by Abdul Hamid's elder brother, Murad V. But Murad had hardly come to the throne before he gave evidences of insanity. Hence, under the Mohammedan law, his deposition was proclaimed by the Sheik-ul-Islâm, the highest ecclesiastical authority in the Mohammedan communion, one who occupies something of the position, relative to the Sultan, that our Chief Justice does to the President.

Abdul-Hamid was the thirty-fourth ruler of the Osman family, and the twenty-eighth since the conquest of Constantinople. The family had been notable long before 1453, when Constantinople was taken. Indeed, it is to be reckoned among the powerful fighting families of the world. In the third century the Turks began to move southward and westward from their original home in the plains of Central Asia. They were not to stop until they had overrun the territory from Bombay on the south to Vienna on the north, and to northern Africa on the west. They conquered many lands; they rightly ruled none.

Abdul's reign has been one neither of conquest nor of right rule. It has been marked by territorial and moral retrogression. When, in 1876, he came to the throne, the Ottoman Empire extended to the Danube. Servia was not independent. Bulgaria was not an autonomous principality; Bosnia and Herzegovina, now a part of Austria-Hungary, were still under Turkey's effective sovereignty. Certain districts of the Caucasus and the islands of Crete and Cyprus were undisputed Turkish possessions. The Sultan at Constantinople was still the acknowledged suzerain of Egypt and the Sudan. To-day Turkey is shorn of Servia, Bulgaria, Bosnia, Herzegovina, the Caucasus districts, Crete, Cyprus, and, for all practical purposes, the overlordship of Egypt and the Sudan.

To territorial loss financial dishonor must be added. Turkey's credit has become a jest. The Government publishes no estimates of revenue and expenditure. Turkey is bankrupt. Her people are poor. More than half of the population is unemployed; the rest have half work. This is not surprising when we realize that Turkey has no industries to speak of, has not exploited her mines, and allows the commerce of the country to be conducted for the foreigner's advantage. The result, of course, is starvation for the poor native.

The one material gain made during Abdul-Hamid II's reign has been in the development of the Ottoman army, of which he was the supreme head. In this he followed family traditions. When he came to the throne, the Turkish army was disorganized. It is now a strong fighting force, as was shown in the events of last week, when Constantinople was taken for the first time since 1453, thus reversing a conquest which has meant enslavement into a conquest which means constitutional liberty. The Turko-Greek War in 1897 also showed the army's excellence. A decade before that the Sultan had entered upon his reorganization scheme, and had reconstructed his forces on the German model, employing General von der Goltz, the eminent German military authority.

Of course in the Ottoman Empire material losses were not offset by this gain in military discipline. Yet the material losses, colossal as they were during Abdul-Hamid's reign, were not the Empire's greatest losses. Whatever of moral force

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certain of his predecessors had been able to introduce was more than dissipated by him. Like other princes of the blood, his early life had been spent among slaves, eunuchs, and *lalas*, or head servants. His portrait, taken on his accession to the throne, reveals a sinister and unattractive face, yet one not devoid of intellectual strength. He has shown that strength, not in any constructive statesmanship, but by a remarkable cleverness in setting the European nations one against another in their territorial or commercial ambitions, and thus obtaining for himself a breathing-spell, in which he has exercised a despotism the most complete recorded by modern history.

This despotism rested largely on a system of spies, of whom it is said over two thousand were in his employ. His Government was a vast system of espionage through which he attempted to reach his ends either by bribery or by assassination. Last week overwhelming evidence of his connection with the recent reactionary revolt was discovered, not only by the seizure of telegraphic correspondence, but also by the discovery of an incredible amount of money, evidently received as bribes, found in possession of the captured soldiers who composed the guard of the Imperial Palace. One company of gendarmerie is reported to have taken from its prisoners about twenty thousand dollars, one officer having no less than four thousand dollars in his pocket, and the total amount collected reaching nearly $1,500,000. Of course only one person could command such a sum. The Sultan's use of assassination was shown during the Armenian massacres of 1895–6; and it is believed that the Armenian massacres of last month may ultimately be traced to the same source. It is significant that the Vali, or Governor, of Adana, not only refused the request of the American missionaries to stop the trouble while it was yet incipient, but is reported to have actually opened the Government magazines and distributed Mauser rifles and ammunition to the Kurds and other Mohammedan tribes.

In view of the above facts, the liberal Mohammedans, as well as Christians, could hardly have been surprised at reading the text of the Sheik-ul-Islâm's *fetva*, or decree, proclaiming Abdul's deposition:

> What becomes of an Imam [the title of the Sultan of Turkey as the head of the orthodox faith] who has destroyed certain holy writings and who has seized property in contravention of the Sheri [sacred law]; who has committed cruelties and ordered the assassination or imprisonment of exiles without justification by the Sheri; who has squandered the public money; who, having sworn to govern according to the Sheriat, has violated his oath; who by gifts of money has provoked internecine bloodshed and civil war, and who is no longer recognized in the provinces?
>
> Answer of the Sheik-ul-Islam: "He must abdicate or be deposed."

For these reasons Abdul-Hamid might have been deposed in almost any year since he began to reign. There is another reason, however, of special application this year. The Sultan tried to destroy the Constitution. In 1876 he was compelled to grant a Constitution to the Turkish nation; in 1877, acting on a flimsy pretext, he withdrew it. It was never renewed until forced upon him last July. On April 13 a military revolution, inspired by his agents and himself, attempted to eject the Young Turk Ministry. Though nothing was said about the Constitution, every one knew that its existence was endangered.

By the irony of fate, the deposed Sultan has been taken to Salonika, a city known beyond any other in Turkey for its liberal views. It was there that the constitutional movement had its inception; it is there that the Constitution's greatest foe has been taken. Had he been taken to Asia instead, his presence might have excited reaction among the ignorant Mohammedan hordes. But the people of Salonika are wide awake. It is a great commercial port and an emporium of nearly two hundred thousand people. The Sultan will there be judged by the most intelligent of his former subjects. Whatever his personal fate, his political fate has now been sealed. The most shameful chapter in Turkish history has at last come to an end. It probably marks the beginning of the end of Oriental absolutism in Turkey and the beginning of Occidental constitutional democracy in that country.

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THE APOSTOLIC PRACTICE

Canon Hensley Henson, whom many Americans have heard with delight in the pulpit of St. Margaret's, Westminster, and who is about to visit this country, was recently announced to preach at an institute in St. Gabriel's Parish, Birmingham, England. The incumbent, or Church of England clergyman in charge of the parish, formally protested against Canon Henson's preaching, and Bishop Gore, believing the protesting clergyman to be within his canonical rights in making the protest, felt it to be his "disagreeable duty" to support him, and wrote to Canon Henson formally inhibiting him from preaching in another man's parish against his expressed protest. In a public letter the Bishop of Birmingham declares that he does not raise the question of the right of a clergyman of the Church of England to preach at Nonconformist gatherings, nor the right of clergymen to speak like other men at public meetings in halls or institutes, but he stands for the principle that a clergyman of the Church of England must not preach publicly in any kind of building in another clergyman's parish, against his protest. He declares that he himself has addressed meetings under Nonconformist auspices and invited Nonconformists to address meetings of Churchmen, that he has spoken with Nonconformists on common platforms and expects to do so again; but that such occasions should be contemplated by clergymen of the Church of England only when they can be carried out with regard to the office and authority of the other clergy.

The Bishop of Birmingham, who, as Canon Gore, was not only one of the leaders of the English Church, but one of the leaders of the advanced party, goes still further, and in a recent address on "The Freedom of Prophecy" declares that the denunciations by Christ of the scribes, Pharisees, and lawyers formed a very important element in his teaching, especially as they were aimed at a body of men who were held in the highest respect by the religious community of Israel; that Christ was brought into antagonism to these religious teachers of the Chosen People because they had come to love their own authority, their own traditions, and could not bear the new light. Christ appeared to them as a mere untaught layman, claiming to teach them—the professors and doctors of religion—the true faith. Pursuing their own righteousness, they refused to submit themselves to the righteousness of God, with that sort of hypocrisy which goes with the claims of exaggerated authority, "that which went with the authority of the Church before the Reformation and with the authority of our own Church at the time of the Wesleyan revival." Christ, Bishop Gore declared, did not denounce the principle of religious authority; on the contrary, he reconstituted it, but that authority was to serve the purpose of spiritual knowledge and enlightenment.

In the early Church, Bishop Gore declared, freedom of teaching was very widely diffused and recognized in the fullest way. The Apostles did not stand alone at the center of the Church; there was a great company of prophets whom St. Paul placed side by side with the Apostles as among the foundation stones of the Church. There were teachers and evangelists. The Bishop asked how much the Church had sinned by stifling or refusing to recognize the wealth of individual gifts; the call to teach and evangelize heard by men who had no opportunity of entering the official ministry. He declared that, in his judgment, it could not be doubted from the first that all prophetic gifts had been brought within the cognizance of the Church; the one question was whether the Church looked with generosity or with severity upon these manifold gifts. Emphasizing the fact that the Franciscan movement was a lay movement in its origin, Bishop Gore spoke of "The First Lay Preachers of the Methodists" as a book which had had great fascination for him. He asked why these men were not within the Church. It was partly their fault, for they were doubtless hard to discipline; but in the main it was the fault of the Church. They were precisely the men the Church needed to reawaken her out of her dead sleep. "We must recognize our clergy, bishops, and presbyters, but we must give the fullest, freest recognition to freedom of teaching, both by literature and by the gifts of

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teachers, that we may not fall under condemnation of making the word of God of none effect by our traditions." And he closed by asking whether, looking over the divided Christianity of England, the separations of Nonconformists need ever have taken place or been maintained if the Church had been true to Christ's great warning and had given free and legitimate scope to the liberty of prophecy.

These are brave, strong words from an English Bishop of piety and learning who has been a leader of what is known as the High Church party in the Church of England. In reaffirming the distinction between the priest and the prophet and the full liberty given to prophets, teachers, and evangelists who were not in priestly orders, Bishop Gore speaks with authority. The American Episcopal Church, like the Church of England, has lost immensely by departing from the earliest practice and from the practice in mediæval times, and the so-called nineteenth canon is only a qualified and timid return to the historical practice of the apostolic Church.

MINISTERS AS MEN OF THE WORLD

There are two distinct, indeed mutually contradictory, ideals of the minister of religion. According to the one, he is a man separate from the world of men, a stranger, an alien; he is to have no concern for the conditions of this present life; he is not even an ambassador from another world, for an ambassador is supposed to be friendly toward the country to which he is accredited; he is rather the agent of an exiled sovereign who has been defrauded of his rights; he therefore has no interest in the welfare of the people as a whole; he has but the single aim of gathering as many individuals about him as he can, and inducing them to live contentedly until they may join their sovereign in exile. According to the other ideal, the minister belongs to the world of men; he is a citizen of the world, a fellow-countryman of all men; he is more concerned than any one else for the conditions of this present life; he is not an ambassador, because he has no foreign allegiance; he is the agent of a sovereign, it is true, but of a sovereign that has never been exiled; he has a dominating interest in the welfare of all the people, for it is part of his business to see that his sovereign's laws are obeyed and his sovereign's subjects live according to his sovereign's will; and in gathering individuals about him he has the object, not of making them content and passive, but of leading them in the arduous work of carrying on their sovereign's government in their sovereign's spirit, with the expectation that in the future they may be fitted for the performance of more difficult and more extensive services.

Between these two ideals there can be, obviously, no compromise. We have no intention of arguing for one or the other. We state them simply for the purpose of making it clear that according as one ideal or the other prevails there will be found suitable, as preparation for the ministry, one or another mode of training.

Once the first ideal of the minister prevailed. Now, though it has by no means disappeared, it is no longer dominant. As a whole, among the Protestant churches of America it has been replaced by the second ideal. At the same time, the process of education which was designed to educate ministers according to the first ideal has survived with little alteration. How slight the alteration has been is indicated by the articles by Mr. Stelzle and Mr. Jones, and the summary of information from theological seminaries, which appear elsewhere in this issue. In other words, the seminaries have been preparing men for one kind of profession and the demand has been for men expert in another kind of profession. As a consequence, men who have been fitted to act as agents for an exiled king have suddenly found, as they entered upon their work, that the king has been on his throne and that they must do the work of loyal subordinates. They have learned how to gather together bands of passive resistants against a usurper; and then they discover that their task is to lead the activities of loyal subjects in making firm and extending an established kingdom. It is not surprising that the minds of men are confused; that the ministry has lost prestige; that young men are seeking other avenues of service than the ministry; and

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that the seminaries, as compared with other professional schools, are depleted. Nor is it surprising that the churches have little influence with whole classes of men.

How serious the situation is may be learned from such a book, for example, as that lately reviewed in The Outlook, on "The Social Application of Religion," published by Jennings & Graham. It may be learned from such a book as that entitled "The Churches and the Wage-Earners," by C. Bertrand Thompson,[1] in which the author describes the alienation of the wage-earners from the churches and the still more deplorable alienation of the churches from the wage-earners. Mr. Thompson shows with some detail that the working people of America feel that the churches have no sympathy with them because they have no understanding of their struggles, their difficulties, their obstacles, their ideals. He shows, too, not without effectiveness, that the churches are not really acquainted either with the wage-earners' environment or the wage-earners' thoughts. Mr. Thompson also shows how Socialism is beginning to supply the place which religion, because of the failure of the churches, has not occupied.

The responsibility for this state of affairs rests ultimately upon the churches, but immediately upon the theological seminaries. To a consciousness of this fact many leaders in our theological seminaries have been awake, but not the controlling authorities in more than a very few. Such men as Dr. Graham Taylor, of the Chicago Theological Seminary; Dr. Shailer Mathews, of the Divinity School of Chicago University; Dr. Peabody, of Harvard; Dr. Henry Churchill King, of Oberlin; Dr. Thomas C. Hall, of Union Theological Seminary; Dr. George H. Hodges, of the Episcopal Theological Seminary at Cambridge (the names are selected at random), are all authorities on the social aspects of religion, and they are all intimately connected with theological seminaries. Nevertheless, it remains true that the seminaries as seminaries, and the instruments of theological education, are not designed to fit students to make religious the industrial life of men to-day, and to liberate religious forces for the remedy of social ills. Professor Hoyt, of Auburn Theological Seminary, has stated this emphatically. In his excellent book on "The Preacher,"[1] recently published, he writes: "The great theologians and the men who have written our commentaries have been men of the study, men of an intellectual and religious class, who have not lived in conditions of killing toil and social peril, and so have not been driven to find a social remedy in the Gospel. . . . That is the only charitable way to account for the individualistic conception so dominant in theology and the Church."

The first duty of the seminaries is to secure as teachers in all departments men who understand the social character of religion, and, specifically, the social application of Christianity, and who know at first hand the conditions under which men and women and children in their day live and work. Their second duty is to recognize that their object is not primarily to educate men to be theological scholars for the purpose of educating other men to be theological scholars for the purpose of educating still other men to be theological scholars, but to train men to be efficient ministers. The Conference to be held by Union Seminary from May 31 to June 2 on the subject of an Efficient Ministry indicates the temper in which all seminaries should attack their task year in and year out. To this end they ought to throw overboard a large part of the traditional required curriculum and substitute such courses as are referred to in the articles already mentioned. If three years do not allow sufficient time, then a fourth year should be added, as it has been added to the medical course in the leading medical schools. In the third place—and this is most important of all—they should put their students through as systematic practical training as the medical schools put their students by means of laboratories and clinics. It should be as much of an anachronism for a theological seminary to be without its affiliated settlements and churches and philanthropies and the like as it is for a medical school to be without affiliated hospitals and dispensaries. Here, for instance, is the National Vacation

[1] Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

[1] The Preacher: His Person, Message, and Method. By Arthur S. Hoyt. The Macmillan Company, New York.

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Bible School Committee pleading with the seminaries to send them students as teachers. It ought to be in the position of turning students away. Here are scores of settlements, here is the Institute for Social Service; here is the National Civic Federation, the Associated Charities, the Young Men's Christian Association, the National Municipal League, the newly formed Commission on the Church and Social Service of the Federal Council of Churches—all of these, and many others, ought to be embarrassed by applicants sent by the seminaries that they may get experience through a freely offered service.

TIMELY

President Taylor, of Vassar College, has sent to his alumnæ, in a leaflet, a report of an address delivered by him last winter. It is a needed protest against the attempt of certain would-be reformers to convert the colleges into recruiting grounds. Their ambition is natural. There is no audience more eager to hear the latest thing, not to say the latest fad, than a college audience. There is none more eager to know which way lies social, political, moral progress, or more eager to enter on the road. There is no community in which it is easier to arouse enthusiasm and get converts. Every cause comes, therefore, knocking at the door of colleges, especially women's colleges, in order to beat up for recruits. Dr. Taylor echoes the opinion, probably, of every college president in his graphic account of the conditions, and we hope he echoes also the judgment of every college president in his judgment respecting them:

> Now it is suffrage and now anti-suffrage, now it is the Socialists, now it is the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, now some missionary cause like the special claim of the women students of Tokyo, now the Student Volunteer movement, now some highly commended evangelist, now the agnostic who wishes to enlighten the superstitious mind. In short, every one that has a cause wishes naturally to get at our young people, and in turn if one resists and holds to a belief in a steady development and training to fit one to examine every cause, to "prove all things, and to hold fast that which is good," then one must expect to meet in turn the accusations of a lack of interest and breadth, now in political reform, now in social reform, and now, alas, also in religion. These people are for the most part not teachers but agitators, not expounders but advocates.

The sneer at the academic atmosphere is not uncommon; but the academic atmosphere is the proper atmosphere for the academy, as the judicial atmosphere is for the court-room and the forensic atmosphere for the halls of legislation. Congress is organized to do things; it therefore needs to listen to political and party debates to determine what to do. The court is organized to determine questions; it therefore needs to listen to a presentation of both sides by eager advocates of each, in order that it may decide justly. But a college is organized to inform, educate, and train the young, and for this not the party agitators of a Congress nor the professional advocates of a court, but the calm and unimpassioned instruction of a philosopher is needed. Before the Vassar collegian is prepared to judge between prohibition, license, and local option, she needs to study the nature of government and the limits of both law and liberty; before she is able to decide between suffrage and anti-suffrage she needs to study the nature of suffrage and the part it plays in the social order, and the nature of society and her true relation to it and duty in it. The party agitator is as out of place in the academic community as he would be on the judge's bench, or as would be the professor's calm, instructive, but dispassionate discussion of the economic values of the tariff in a debate in Congress over free hides and free lumber. A place for everything and everything in its place—the professor for the lecture-room, the agitator for the hustings. Either is out of place in the place of the other. "Making premature reformers," says Dr. Taylor, "is no whit better educationally than making premature teachers and lawyers and preachers and domestic scientists." And we may add, making premature reformers in college unfits them to be mature reformers when they graduate.

Nor is Dr. Taylor's protest against an accompanying vice of the pseudo-reformer less timely:

> Again, Vassar College recognizes all good service as worthy. It scouts the common opinion of the agitator that the best life is in

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the public eye. It does not love notoriety for the undergraduate, and declares it to be unhealthful, intellectually and socially. It cries out against the tendency to put the tag of social service *only* on a service which has a committee and a board and public meetings and newspapers behind it. It recognizes the admirable quality of most of this social service, but it demands as well the recognition of the usefulness of the common life. It affirms its belief in the home and in the old-fashioned view of marriage and children and the splendid service of society wrought through these quiet and unradical means.

The Outlook welcomes and indorses President Taylor's vigorous words. It is high time that Pharisaic reformers who think they possess all the virtues because they make most of the noise were told that revolution is not always reform, that education is at least as valuable as agitation, and that progress is possible without the band wagon.

COMMENT ON CURRENT BOOKS

MAETERLINCK'S FAIRY PLAY

Most of Maeterlinck's plays have been laid in the country of the imagination. In his latest play, "The Blue Bird,"[1] he boldly takes his readers into fairyland, and with commendable and charming audacity creates an imaginary world which, in a way, suggests Mr. Barrie's world, and yet is as different from it as Maeterlinck is different from Barrie. Two children in a peasant's cottage are awakened at night by an old fairy who gives to the boy a green hat with a diamond ornament; wherever the diamond is turned the soul of things is visible. This is the initial step towards fairyland. All the inanimate things as well as the animals become articulate. The dog, faithful, humorous, and intimate; the cat, malicious, satirical, and traitorous; water, a weeping young girl; fire, springing from the hearth in red and yellow tights; milk, characteristically timid; sugar, a little too sweet; and light, an exquisite image. They all set out together to cage the blue bird the possession of which is to bring perfect happiness. In the pursuit of the bird they visit the Palace of Night, where they see the ghosts, and meet the sicknesses, among which the meanest is Cold-in-the-Head, described with graphic felicity. The Shades, Terrors, and Mysteries are also in their view. Then they go to the Kingdom of the Future, where are the children who are waiting to be born; a chapter, it may be suspected, like the rest of the book, full of symbolism, and obviously beautiful. They also visit the Country of the Dead, very pathetically and tenderly described; and eventually they find the Blue Bird and take it home. But no sooner have they housed it than it flies away. Unimaginative and literal-minded people are warned off these premises; they will find nothing but nonsense here; but those who like "The Little White Bird" and "Peter Pan" will delight in the poetic beauty and freshness of feeling of this modern fairy play.

[1] The Blue Bird. By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $1.20, net.

IS SHAKESPEARE DEAD?

The encounter between Shakespeare and Mark Twain, reported in this volume,[1] is a bloodless one so far as Shakespeare is concerned. Not one of the blows, direct or indirect, aimed at that smiling figure, reaches him. "If you strike a king, you must kill him," was the sage advice which Emerson once gave to a young critic of Plato. If Mark Twain had followed this wise counsel, he would never have allowed this extraordinarily thin volume in construction, material, form, and size to come from the press. It is made up of selections from his autobiography. If he had printed it in that form and omitted the name of Shakespeare, it would have indicated that Mark Twain is still alive, and a host of friends hope that statement will long continue to be true. The same friends will as earnestly hope that Mark Twain will spare his reputation any further assaults of the kind represented by this book. So far as Shakespeare is concerned, this volume is a thing of naught. There are occasional entertaining passages, descriptions of life on the Mississippi; there is also a great deal of dreary reading. The title of the book ought to be "Extracts from the Autobiography of a Humorist, Unfortunately Selected by Himself."

SHAKESPEARE'S CRITICS

Professor Charles F. Johnson's "Shakespeare and His Critics"[2] is not only an interesting contribution to the Shakespearean literature, but will be of special service to the student and the general reader because of the light it throws upon that enlarging comprehension of Shakespeare which is the result of an enlarging conception of literature among the English-speaking and other peoples. It is impossible to trace the history of opinion concerning Shakespeare through the seventeenth century, to study the judgments of Rowe, Pope, Theobald,

[1] Is Shakespeare Dead? From My Autobiography. By Mark Twain. Harper & Brothers, New York. $3.25, net.

[2] Shakespeare and His Critics. By Charles F. Johnson, Litt.D. The Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.50, net.

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Warburton, Johnson, Steevens, Malone, and the other eighteenth-century editors, and, above all, to examine the extraordinarily rich literature of criticism during the nineteenth century (which includes Coleridge, Lamb, Hazlitt, the German critics, the American and English Shakespearean scholars and men of letters), without taking account of the strikingly significant changes of attitude towards the literary art, the dramatic form, and the philosophy of life represented by the greatest of English poets. Professor Johnson covers a wide field, and collects and condenses great varieties of opinions; but he has an excellent sense of perspective, a vital interest in his work, and he has kept the successive phases of his subject in a certain unity which makes his book a connected history as well as a résumé of significant Shakespearean criticism.

THE AUSTRIAN SIDE OF THE ADRIATIC

Some time ago Mr. Hamilton Jackson published an interesting description of the Italian shores of the Adriatic. He now comes forward with an equally interesting description of the Austrian shores. Yet he might have made both books more interesting still. Desirable as they are to the intending traveler in giving a comprehensive survey, they are not, to one who has visited the regions described, as full of color and vividness as would seem proper in order adequately to convey exact impressions. But why find fault with material so excellent as this, especially in this new volume?[1] Where else will one find so full a survey? One may, indeed, consult Jackson or Wilkinson or Freeman or Villari on certain phases of the Küstenlande, Istria and Dalmatia, the Austrian Adriatic provinces; but, so far as we know, there is no single volume which comprises so much information as does this on so many subjects in connection with these provinces. Furthermore, the volume is peculiarly the author's own; he not only provides the text but also certain plans and drawings of pertinence and charm, together with photographic illustrations. One reads this book, too, with peculiar interest to see how the author will deal with a subject so totally unlike that of his previous volume. For the two shores of the Adriatic are very different. While, as is well known, the Italian shore is almost destitute of harbors and islands, the eastern possesses several splendid harbors and is fringed by an almost continuous chain of islands. We hope that Mr. Jackson will continue the "Shores of the Adriatic"[1] series, and tell us more about the Austrian side, supplementing the present volume by another describing the Adriatic's eastern shore south of the Austrian frontier.

[1] The Shores of the Adriatic. The Austrian Side. By F. Hamilton Jackson, R.B.A. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $6, net.

A BRITISH OFFICER IN THE BALKANS

In a year when more has been said about the Balkans than in any other, one opens Major Henderson's book[1] anticipating a store of information concerning political conditions in that region. Instead, that accomplished British officer takes us with him through Dalmatia, Montenegro, Herzegovina, and Bosnia, and shows us many interesting things and characteristics of those countries, the ruins of old time, the shops and dwellings of present times, the monasteries and churches, the new roads that are blessing Bosnia and Herzegovina, the methods of farming, the coffee-houses, the dances. The book has a certain archæological value in its description of the Bogumilite monuments in Bosnia, those gravestones composed of huge solid blocks, a memory of the curious sect whose tombs lie scattered about in many an out-of-the-way corner of Bosnia and Herzegovina. Its doctrine was a curious medley of old Jewish tradition with the Persian doctrine of the dual principle of good and evil, mixed with some of the teachings of the reformed Christian Church. The religion, according to Major Henderson, required no churches, no baptism, no ceremony of marriage. The reformer Bogumil (God's Beloved) gave the religion life and name. It was introduced into Bosnia in the eleventh century and spread rapidly. A century later, when the influence of the Hungarian Catholic priesthood began to permeate the land, the Bosnians were found to be almost all followers of Bogumil. The Popes tried to suppress the heretics. But this very persecution finally ruined Bosnia's chance of becoming Christian, for, while those who emigrated southward were won over to the Turks, those who remained in the country treacherously and secretly assisted the Turks, so that the Bogumilites ultimately became, not Christians, but Mohammedans. Especial interest therefore attaches to the old gravestones from the fact that the current of history in Bosnia and Herzegovina was altered by the disaffection of this once powerful sect.

[1] A British Officer in the Balkans. By Major Percy E. Henderson ("Selim"). The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. $3.50, net.

THE CALVIN JUBILEE OF 1909

The present year marks the four hundredth anniversary of the birth of John Calvin. It is appropriate that a volume should now appear by Professor Borgeaud, the eminent historian, the author of that monumental work, "L'Histoire de l'Uni-

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versité de Genève," [1] an impressive contribution to the history of education in general and to the history of Geneva in particular. We are prone to think of Calvin only as a theologian. Dr. Borgeaud shows us that he was equally great as an educationist. Indeed, he was first of all a humanist. During his long career as a wandering student he had studied at Orléans, at Bourges, and at Paris, and had made his entry into letters by his commentary on Seneca's "De Clementia," where, it is easy to see, he was desirous of following in the footsteps of Reuchlin and Erasmus. This humanism underlay Calvin's aim to create an educational institution at Geneva, the Schola Genevensis founded by him in 1559. It rendered signal service to the Reformation, and Geneva became the place where the preachers of the new faith received their inspiration. But its service to education in general was even greater. At that time Geneva was an asylum for the proscribed of Europe. Calvin's educational foundations were thus laid at a psychological moment. Geneva became not only a Protestant Rome but also the home of educational liberty. Calvin's disciples were jealous of this double glory. They made Geneva practically a fortress. It was continually besieged by a powerful enemy, the Duke of Savoy. To defend it the students gladly gave their services, working day and night in the fortifications. As John Fiske somewhere says, Geneva was the first stronghold of liberty in modern times; through it, more than by his writings, Calvin became the spiritual father of Coligny, of William the Silent, and of Oliver Cromwell. Professor Borgeaud has enlarged the Calvin cult where it most needs to be enlarged. But he has done more. His book is also a worthy tribute to his beloved home-city.

SIENESE AND UMBRIAN PAINTING

The appearance of the third volume of Crowe and Cavalcaselle's monumental "History of Painting in Italy" [2] in a new edition edited by Mr. Langton Douglas is a notable event in the art world. In previous volumes the historians had traced the progress of the Florentine school from its rise to the close of the fourteenth century. In the present volume they record how Siena came to compete with Florence. They bring out the fact that Duccio, the first great painter of the pure Sienese school, though painting later than Cimabue, the first great painter of the Florentine school, painted earlier than Giotto, and, in the annals of Siena, occupied almost as much space as did Cimabue and Giotto together in the annals of Florence. We are also glad of the emphasis placed on the Lorenzetti, who followed Duccio, and who infused into "their grand and admirable works" some of Giotto's spirit. So history proceeds until, at the close of the fourteenth century, Taddeo Bartoli did little more than postpone the decay of a style; indeed, he contributed mainly to the formation of the school of Perugia. That school outlived the Sienese and rivaled in number, though not in quality, the painters of the fifteenth century at Florence. It was in the fourteenth century that Florence found a rival in Siena. In that century Perugia produced nothing of value, despite the fact that the town lay close to Assisi, where the best Florentines and Sienese were competing. But already in the thirteenth century the Umbrian towns near Siena geographically and also in forms of painting were centers of art culture. The Umbrian school, however, was never as strong as the Sienese. The Umbrians were distinguished by an almost feminine tenderness, grace, finish of detail, delicacy, and decoration rather than by power and correct form. If in the fifteenth century Perugia inherited something from the Sienese, she also inherited the Umbrian manner. The volume also includes chapters on early North Italian painting. In them we see the continuance of the artistic forms and methods of past ages long after the degenerate Italo-Byzantine style had been rather discarded or improved upon by the schools of Florence and Siena. The volume as a whole is indispensable to students of painting in general and particularly of painting in Italy. As is necessary in a standard work of this kind, the indexes of persons and places are ample, but the book sorely lacks a chronology, a feature certainly to be included in succeeding volumes. The illustrations add considerably to the interest of the text.

THE BACKGROUND OF THE GOSPELS

We are again indebted to the prolific Scotch manse for a valuable contribution to religious knowledge in a volume [1] whose treatment of post-exilic Judaism recognizes its importance to the proper understanding of the New Testament. It is especially concerned with the two centuries from the era of the Maccabees to the destruction of Jerusalem. To this period belongs the so-called apocalyptic literature, of which the Book of

[1] Schola Genevensis: Histoire de l'Université de Genève; Pages d'Histoire Universitaire Réunies à l'Occasion du Jubilé. Par Charles Borgeaud. Georg & Cie., Geneva, Switzerland.

[2] A History of Painting in Italy. Vol. III. By J. A. Crowe and G. B. Cavalcaselle. In 6 vols. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $6, net.

[1] The Background of the Gospels. By William Fairweather, M.A. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $3, net.

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Daniel is the sole canonical specimen in the Hebrew Scriptures. One of the chief questions of New Testament scholars concerns the presence of this element in the Gospels, especially in the teaching of Jesus—a question left somewhat indeterminate by our author. He views it, however, as having paved the way for Christianity by its doctrine of the world—or age—to come. The literary and religious life both of Palestinian and Hellenistic Judaism during the period under review is amply and clearly described, with the ultimate arrest of development through which "the hope of Israel" passed over to Christianity. The treatment of Judaism as a legalistic religion is not quite discriminating: a classic passage of St. Paul corrects it (Romans ii. 28, 29). All the higher religions show the same division between men of the letter and men of the spirit.

PUBLIC OPINION

FORESTRY AND SCENERY

In The Outlook for March 27 (p. 660) you refer to the proposed forest reservation in the Highlands of the Hudson and express approval of a joint plan which provides for the management and control, in accordance with modern methods of forestry, of some seventy-five square miles of wild and beautiful mountains in these Highlands by the Forest, Fish, and Game Commission of the State. To the many thousands who have visited that region, or to whom on account of its beauty it is dear, even though unseen, it will be a gratification if protection and careful treatment can be made to take the place of a less discriminating method of cutting the forest. It is natural to expect that a scientific supervision of the forest operations will prevent much of the disfigurement and loss now resulting from fire, disease and insect ravages, and overcutting, and that thus will gradually be upbuilt a healthier and denser forest. But there appears to be another important consideration, one which, it seems to me, has hardly received sufficient emphasis in your pages.

It is clear that this reservation in the Highlands is intended to preserve as far as possible the natural beauty and the historic associations of that region; but it is not entirely clear how the application of technical forest management will ultimately affect the appearance of the forest. Forestry is an applied science, dependent largely upon botany and mathematics, and aims to derive material usefulness and profit from the forest. It does not aim to make the forest more attractive, though it seems to me that it would often be possible to include that consideration in the plan of administration without serious interference with the main or economic purpose. It may happen that forestry will produce some new form of beauty or preserve some old one; but it may very easily happen that instead of this it will destroy some feature of attractiveness or introduce some disturbing element. Thus the beautiful undergrowth in the forest, such as dogwood, mountain laurel, serviceberry, or the delicate-leaved hornbeam, is generally considered of practically no value, because it is not destined to form a part of the mature forest that will ultimately yield financial returns. Again, trees are planted in regular, monotonous rows, the interesting variety of species is often reduced, plantations are made without regard to the beauty of their outline, and very old and large trees are cut away to make room for thriftier and younger ones. Such old and picturesque specimens might often be spared without much sacrifice, for they occupy only a trifling proportion of the total area. Wood roads by a very slight deviation might be made to lead to pleasing vistas or by interesting forest groups, and there is a certain mystery about the curvature of roads that is very charming.

Many other examples might be given to illustrate the close relation between forestry and forest expression. Many ideas capable of practical application would suggest themselves to the observant and interested forester in the course of his varied work. But unless there is a real purpose to add beauty to the forest, technical forestry alone cannot be expected to effect it. This aspect of the question must therefore receive special consideration from the forester, and in certain cases it seems appropriate that he should join hands with the landscape architect.

Foresters are doing a splendid work throughout the country, often under adverse and trying circumstances, applying the principles of European forestry and adapting them as best they can to the far different physical and economic conditions of the United States. In the Highlands of the Hudson they would be given an opportunity to depart somewhat from the usual practice by uniting beauty with use. It is evidently not intended in this case to transform the region into an artificial park; nor, on the other hand, can it be preserved as a type of perfectly natural, wild woodland scenery, except, perhaps, within a half-mile limit on both sides of the Hudson, as provided by the Bennett Bill. As I understand it, the forest in this case, on account of its subdivided and scattered ownership, is subject to a diversity of interests, and its future wel-

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fare is now often sacrificed to a somewhat larger immediate return. A careful system of management will perpetuate the existence of these woodlands, and in the end will bring even a larger profit to the owners. If to these interests the forester will add an intelligent foresight with regard to the scenic values of the region and will make an earnest endeavor to preserve, or, if possible, to enhance, its beauty, he will not only contribute to the greater enjoyment of the general public, but will also by this means increase the future market value of these woodlands.

G. FREDERICK SCHWARZ.

THE ORIGIN OF AN ALLEGED LINCOLN QUOTATION

An alleged quotation from President Lincoln is going the rounds of the press and has been used in public speeches by Governor Folk, of Missouri, and Mayor Tom Johnson, of Cleveland, as follows:

"I see in the near future a crisis approaching that unnerves me, and causes me to tremble for the safety of my country. As a result of the war, corporations have been enthroned, and an era of corruption in high places will follow, and the money power of the country will endeavor to prolong its reign by working upon the prejudices of the people, until all the wealth is aggregated in few hands and the republic is destroyed."

Mr. Folk, in his speech at Madison, March 15, expressed some doubt as to its authenticity, but then went on to use it as if it were authentic. When asked to point out the passage in Mr. Lincoln's speeches, the users have to admit that it is not there, but allege that it is an expression used in a private letter from him. The letter is so very private that nobody can produce it.

To one familiar with war-time ideas it is evident that Mr. Lincoln never wrote such a letter. He had no such pessimistic idea as to the duration of our Government. He did not think the Republic would be destroyed even by the armed forces of the slave power.

Mr. Lincoln's mind, from his inauguration to his death, was wrestling with the great question of bringing the war to a successful issue. This question was scarcely decided when he died. But for the last few weeks of his life another still more perplexing question arose for solution—the rehabilitation of the seceding States. He had no time to consider the question of corporate power. In fact, he felt under obligation to any individual or corporation that assisted him in the prosecution of the war.

The alleged quotation speaks of "the results of the war." No one then knew what were the results of the war, except that slavery was destroyed and the seceding States were coming back into the Union. The question of corporate power had not risen above the horizon. The transcontinental railways had not been built. The present trunk lines were then mostly in sections which had not been consolidated. The coal mines were largely in the hands of private individuals. So of the oil fields. The oil industry had not been developed. No one was afraid of corporations. Several years were to elapse before such apprehensions found expression.

I think I can point out the origin of the alleged Lincoln quotation. It is a paraphrase of a passage in an address delivered by Edward G. Ryan, Chief Justice of Wisconsin, before the law class of the University of Wisconsin, June 16, 1873. It is as follows:

"There is looming up a new and dark power. The accumulation of individual wealth seems to be greater than it has ever been since the downfall of the Roman Empire. And the enterprises of the country are aggregating vast corporate combinations of unexampled capital boldly marching not for economical conquests only, but for political power. . . . For the first time really in our politics money is taking the field as an organized power. . . . Wealth has its rights. Industrious wealth has its honors. . . . But money, as a political influence, is essentially corrupt; is most dangerous to free institutions. . . . It is entitled to fear, if not to respect. The question will arise in your day, though perhaps not fully in mine, which shall rule—wealth or men; which shall lead—money or intellect; who shall fill public stations—educated and patriotic freemen, or the feudal serfs of corporate capital. . . . Look to it in that day that the bar do not suffer the disgrace of permitting mere money, the successful gambler's stake in Wall Street, to assume the functions of intellect, so long and largely shared by our profession."

This seems to be the original of the alleged Lincoln quotation. The form of expression is somewhat different, but the ideas are the same. It will be observed that as late as 1873, eight years after Mr. Lincoln's death, danger from corporate power was even then spoken of, not as a fact, but a prophecy.

Madison, Wisconsin. JOHN C. FREEMAN.

A MORAL PROBLEM

It appears to the writer that the troubles set forth by "Farmer" in The Outlook for January 9 are not the important troubles of the farmer in the Middle West. Rapid advances in land values have rendered him, for the present at least, financially independent. But numerous paragraphs in the best farm papers relative

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to the boy on the farm and kindred subjects hint that the greatest problem confronting the farmer in the Middle West is not an economic problem but a moral problem. If the President's Commission can do anything toward bringing farmers to realize that first of all they are husbands and fathers, and that the moral, mental, and physical well-being of the families dependent upon them is a matter of more vital import than the raising of bumper crops, then the Commission will justify itself.

The writer was born and raised in a farming community of a Middle West State. The farmers in this community were mainly of English descent. They were not well-to-do, but they were industrious. Their poverty was "an act of God." They had their country church, which must have been an influence for good, despite the quarrels that often arose within it. Race suicide had not been heard of, and the lumber wagons and "Democrat" wagons that drew up in front of the rickety church steps on Sunday afternoons usually carried their quota of healthy boys and girls. As the writer recalls the boys who were his mates in the district school, he is ashamed of the fact that many of them are now little more than saloon loafers, while in that one sparsely settled neighborhood he readily counts seven of their sisters who left the paths of womanly virtue.

In less important respects the neighborhood has prospered. Good crops have not only brought good returns, but they have also caused farm land to double and treble in value. Farms are smaller, and many of them are run by new settlers from Eastern States. The old church has been repainted inside and out. The preacher lives in a spick-and-span "manse"—and the church quarrels are possibly a trifle more bitter than in the days when one man's poverty was as good as another's. Rural mail service brings the daily paper. The rural telephone saves the farmer money when he markets stock or grain, and also offers him and his womenfolks temptations toward gossip and eavesdropping.

The farmer's life is an independent life. The very conditions which make it independent make him lord of his little domain. Often, despite many shining exceptions, he is too narrow to appreciate his privileges and his limitations. The writer does not believe that it is necessarily the farmer's duty to give his boys a farm each, or send his children away to college. He *does* believe that in this Middle West the number of farmers who are able to do these things is greater than the number of those who can conscientiously say that they have by precept and example done what they could to develop their boys and girls into honest, self-respecting men and women. Honesty with himself must force many a man to admit that he has been, before all things else, a farmer, and that in the press of other work he has surrendered to his hired men the privilege of counseling his boys on questions of manliness and morality. H. B.

FROM A JAPANESE READER

We are glad to print the following letter from a Japanese teacher, and only wish we could write as good a letter in Japanese as he has in English:

Tanabe, March 12nd, 1909.

To any reader of The Outlook who wishes to exchange postal cards or letters,

Dear Sir: I beg your pardon for writing to you though I am quite a stranger to you. I wish you would kindly read my letter guessing what it means because my English is broken and Japanese English. My letter is, I am afraid, full of a great many mistakes. It is my long desired wish to correspond with English-speaking people and practice in English letter-writing. There are a great many things that I do not understand in American or English books because I am not at home in your country's customs and manners. So I wish you would kindly correspond with me and tell me about your country's customs and manners. I will inform you about Japanese customs and manners if you will like to know about them. I will tell you my friends' opinions if there are any things in your questions that I am not at home in. I will write you about Japanese common school if you ask me to do so. I am a teacher of the Tanabe common school and teaching English. It is my earnest wish to write about Japanese history or geography according to your request. I will tell you about Japanese common plants, animals, and minerals, if you request me. I was born at Tanabe in which I live now, and I am forty-five years old. I was baptized by Rev. A. D. Hail, in Osaka, twenty-six years ago. I wish you would kindly teach me about Christianity and Our God. I am a member of the Tanabe Japanese Christian Church, whose pastor is Kwanichiro Ito. Miss Julia Leavitt from your country is working earnestly for the sake of Christ in the Sunday school of the Tanabe Christian Church. I hope you will teach me your country's plants, animals, and minerals, when I shall ask you. I will write you about the Tanabe common school and the children to any one who write to me. I am your faithfully ever,

WATSUBA SEITARO.

Nakayashi Kimachi, Tanabe Cho, Nishimurogun, Wakayamaken, Japan.

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Should Ministers Know Life?

I—JEBUSITES VERSUS CHICAGOITES

BY CHARLES STELZLE

AS I am not a graduate of a theological seminary, it may be that it ill becomes me to criticise so sacred and so honored an institution. But this is no fault of mine. When I began my theological education for the Gospel ministry, I honestly tried to break into three different "schools of the prophets," but was rejected in every case, because my scholastic preparation was inadequate.

However, if I were to-day at the head of a theological seminary, I would probably take the same view with regard to applicants for admission that was taken in my own case—*provided* that I wanted to conduct a theological seminary as most of them are conducted. It is at this point that we would probably disagree. For, in justice to the men who are situated as I was, I would be compelled to make some sort of provision for them, and probably there would be some kind of a field which they might occupy with acceptance. The course of study in the average theological seminary has remained the same from time immemorial, and the chances for its being changed are exceedingly small. At a recent conference composed of men who are interested in aggressive Christian work, the President of one of the most important theological seminaries in the United States made the statement that his seminary had now been doing business for nearly one hundred years, and that it did not propose to make any changes in its curriculum or in its methods of work. He was quite satisfied, he said, with things as they are. And this was spoken in all seriousness.

There is no other institution in the world which would dare make such a statement concerning its work or its methods. Should this be said of any other school, that school would at once lose its prestige as well as its students, and cobwebs would soon cover its walls, and dust its book-shelves. But a theological seminary may take such a stand, and with self-complacency ask men to endow its scholarships and its professorial chairs.

According to Scripture, God does not change. He is infallible. According to nature, only that which is without life remains the same. Either the theological seminary, which makes the above claim for itself, possesses the attributes of God and therefore will not change, or else it has become fossilized and cannot change. It is not at all likely that it would make itself equal with God—for that would be rank heresy and therefore unpardonable. It must be quite evident that there is only one other alternative.

The theological seminaries in this country have unquestionably graduated vast numbers of preachers who have made a success of the ministry. No doubt much of their success has been due to training received in the seminary; that is, some of the training. But literally hundreds of successful ministers have declared, both in public and private, that it required about five years to unlearn much of what they received in the seminary, before they found it at all possible to get down to the real business of life.

Such a declaration concerning an engineering school, a lawyers' school, a physicians' college, or any other school which prepares for the professions would at once raise an inquiry and a searching out which would not rest until the school had cleared itself of so serious a charge. But not so with the average theological seminary—an institution which, of all institutions, is supposed to deal with the most vital problems of this world and the next.

It is when the seminary graduate comes into contact with the masses of the people

[1] Editorial discussion of this subject will be found on another page.—THE EDITORS.

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that he is most severely tested. The classes hold most tenaciously to tradition and custom. Not so with the workingman. He cares nothing for traditions. He is so vitally interested in to-day that yesterday plays but a small part in his life, and to-morrow is not yet here. A long time ago it was said that the voice of the people is the voice of God. To the so-called better classes this voice has been simply a roar of discontent. If they could but listen, they would hear, like the prophet of old, the "still, small voice" speaking out of the earthquake. He who would know what God is saying should keep close to the masses.

It is in the task of dealing with these that the theological seminary gives the most inadequate preparation. While taking his course, the student is sent out to preach in the country school house or in the rescue mission, in neither of which places does he come into contact with the most pressing problems of the people. And when he is graduated and sent to the city—the whirlpool of every great social question—he conducts his church upon an elaborated country church programme! He gathers about himself a constituency which, for the most part, also came from the country, and which is quite satisfied with his narrow outlook and his insufficient touch upon the community. All of which means that the church is to-day losing ground in the great centers of population which are soon to dominate the Nation, and largely because most theological seminaries are without a vision, and thus without the ability to inspire the prophetic instinct which is demanded of our ministers in these days of the Church's greatest opportunity.

The social problems with which the minister must be familiar are not confined to the great cities—they are also found in the country and in the town. The minister in the country should be made to understand that he is confronted by industrial and social problems. Economic and social factors have become of such importance in the village and the town that the President of the United States has ordered a special investigation of sociological conditions in agricultural districts. How many country ministers have really opened their eyes to these things in their own community? How many theological seminaries are preparing their students adequately to meet the needs of such a parish? If the city minister is out of touch with the life of the people, it is probably true that the country minister is even more out of touch with them. He does not begin to grasp the actual needs of the men in his parish, especially those of the farm laborers who constitute so large and so important a part of it.

Theological students spend considerable time studying about the social life of the Israelites, the Jebusites, the Hivites, and the Hittites, and when they become our ministers they preach about these most interesting people who lived several thousand years ago. But when a man studies into the social life of the Pittsburghites, or the Brooklynites, or the Chicagoites, and preaches about precisely the same phases of life that he discusses when he talks about these people of old, he is often reminded that he might better preach the "simple Gospel." It is very much easier to get the facts concerning the Chicagoites than it is to secure them with reference to the Amalekites, and the Chicagoites need our attention very much more, because the Amalekites have been a long time dead. The theological seminaries are largely responsible for this ridiculous attitude with reference to the comparative value of the social conditions of the ancients and the people who are living in the twentieth century.

The people are not waiting for the theological seminary to graduate their religious and social leaders. They are beginning to graduate them out of their own ranks, having visions of the possibilities for those whom they know best. Recently a prominent Chicago trade unionist and his wife dedicated to the cause of labor their eighteen-months-old baby, the service being held in a church building. There was a deeply religious significance in this service—typical of the time when children will be dedicated to the best causes of the workingman, as Samuel was dedicated to the temple service, and when men will give themselves to the cause of labor in the same spirit and with the same devotion with which Christian men to-day give themselves to the work of the Gospel ministry.

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The profound religious spirit which is so evident in the labor movement bids fair either to capture the Church or to become the heart of a great religious movement which will rival the Church as it is now organized—*unless* the Church herself so enlarges her life and vision as to include this movement. If once this movement of the working people takes on a distinctively religious aspect—and it is quite possible for it to do so—the Church will with difficulty keep in the procession.

These are some of the facts which the theological seminary must frankly face. It must do more than this—it must prepare its students to solve the problems which they suggest. This is an important part of its business. And in so far as it fails to do it, it is falling short of its privilege and its duty.

The times demand prophets—men who can see with clear vision. The Church may give the world such men. Whether or not the theological seminary is to train them depends altogether upon the seminaries. A few—perhaps half a dozen among all the denominations—have seen the need and are courageously attempting to meet the situation. But usually the extra studies are permitted on account of the pressure which has been brought to bear upon the seminary because of some strong personality or a small group of men who have insisted that they be introduced. Thus it happens that the men who deal with the great human problems which have to do with twentieth-century living are overshadowed by the "big" professors who teach Greek and Hebrew, the languages of the dead.

II—ARE OUR THEOLOGICAL SEMINARIES STAGNATING?

BY THOMAS JESSE JONES

NEVER shall I forget the first day of my seminary experience. I had come from the Middle West to be equipped to win the men of my own family and of other families back to the Church. These were mechanics buffeted by corporations on the one hand or by arbitrary labor unions on the other; they were business men confused by the cut-throat competition of large concerns; professional men indifferent to the social responsibility of their profession; physicians faithful to their individual patients, but careless of the sanitary conditions of the community; teachers discouraged by patrons who appreciated the services of janitors more than those of the teachers; teachers also who failed to understand their possibilities for good to the community; all either anxious because of the prevalence of political corruption and graft in public service or blinded both to individual sin and social evil by their mad pursuit of wealth. These were the men whom I desired to comfort, to exhort, to teach, to win to the service of Jesus Christ.

Imagine, then, my disappointment to discover that my time in the seminary would be largely occupied in the study of dead languages and theological dogma concerning the religion of Jesus Christ, with comparatively little attention to the words of Jesus Christ himself, and scarcely a reference to the condition of men to-day. Fortunately for me, that very year a change was made in the course of study. A course in ethics was introduced, and another in missions; but, best of all, opportunities were given to attend a neighboring university. Unfortunately, however, the courses in ethics and missions and in the university led to no special honors in the seminary. Honors were won only by those who took such an abundance of Hebrew and Greek and theology that there was little time left for other courses. A few of the students endeavored to combine the seminary and university courses, seeking moderate honors in both. Two men succeeded in obtaining an honor degree from the seminary and a fellowship from the university,

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but the effort was such a strain upon the nerves that one of them was a total wreck for almost four years. This limitation of honor and degrees to the students who devote the larger part of their time to the traditional courses is continued even in almost all of the half-dozen progressive seminaries.

Young men of spirit do not enjoy attending a school in which their work is considered second rate. They will not spend their time upon courses which do not prepare them to be useful men. The result is that even the progressive seminaries are not as well attended as they would be if the study of the English Bible, of sociology, and of similar practical subjects had equal weight with Hebrew, Greek, and theology. This statement leads to two questions:

Why do the 156 seminaries, with an endowment sixteen times as large as that of the 148 medical schools, attract only a decreasing third of the number of medical students?

Why does the number of students in theological seminaries decrease while the number of ministers is increasing?

The answer to these inquiries is to be found in part, at least, in a study of the subjects prescribed in the theological courses. The following course, outlined in the last catalogue of one of the three most influential seminaries in the Presbyterian Church, is typical of the large majority in this country:

	Hours of Course
Theology and Apologetics	480
Hebrew and Old Testament	288
Greek and New Testament	224
Ecclesiastical and Bible History	256
Preaching and Social Problems	96
Rhetoric and Elocution	144
Total	1,488

Out of the possible 1,536 hours, 1,488 are prescribed as indicated in the outline. Almost a third of the total time is given to theology and apologetics, Hebrew claiming a fifth, Greek a seventh, ecclesiastical history a sixth, while the study of *social problems divides its scanty sixteenth of the total time with the study of preaching.*

Carrying on the comparison of theological with medical schools, it appears that theological seminaries limit their students to the study of medical agents. The average seminary makes no provision worth mentioning for courses corresponding to diagnosis, or to physiology and anatomy, or to hygiene, or to clinical practice. A medical school without these courses would be condemned by the law of the land.

The prominence of these traditional courses is explained by two facts: first, that it is always easier to follow the beaten paths; and, secondly, that many of the churches still demand the Latin thesis and a knowledge of Hebrew, Greek, and theology as the *sine qua non* of entrance into the ministry. Neither of these reasons should deter the seminary from giving at least equal weight to courses in the English Bible, ethics, missions, philosophy, psychology, sociology, economics, along with those of Hebrew and theology.

If the demands of the Church are arbitrary, the seminary must resolve gradually but certainly to change these demands by sending out young men properly equipped for coping with modern conditions. Young men are willing to prepare themselves for a struggle with the Church to induce it to work for society, but they are not willing to spend all their time preparing to fight over again theological battles which have been long since lost or won, and in which, therefore, society has no interest.

The omission of the distinctively social subjects, such as sociology, economics, pedagogy, and ethics, is usually justified by the seminary on the ground that the time is too short, or that these subjects are presupposed as requirements for admission to the seminary. What would we say of the medical school which would omit diagnosis or physiology and anatomy for either of these reasons? The study of these subjects is so essential to the minister's grasp of the community and individual that he desires to help that the time available, however brief, must be wisely divided between the traditional courses and these social studies. College courses can no more equip young men with the knowledge of social conditions necessary to the ministerial profession than they can instruct medical students in anatomy, physiology, and the technical subjects in the physician's training.

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This, then, is the answer to the first question asked at the outset. The seminaries, with an endowment sixteen times as large as that of the medical schools, and with free scholarships almost enough to pay the students' expenses through three years of study, fail to attract thoughtful young men because they realize that the seminary does not prepare them for active service.

Closely related to this is the answer to the second question. Men enter the ministry without entering the seminary because there is comparatively little in the seminary course that is absolutely essential to the success of the average minister. Any well-educated man, with facility of speech, a knowledge of the English Bible, and a real interest in the welfare of mankind, may become a minister in the majority of churches by studying the polity of the Church which he desires to enter. This fact explains the ease with which men enter the ministry. Unlike the medical profession, which is becoming more and more rigid in its requirements of candidates, the ministry is actually excluding the essentials of success by holding on to the traditional requirements.

That young men are eager to do altruistic work is proved by the large number of students in the political science departments of our large universities studying economics, sociology, philanthropy; in the departments of education, studying pedagogy, psychology, and philosophy; and in schools of philanthropy, preparing for work in social settlements and in other institutions for the care of the poor, the sick, and the imprisoned.

"How can I interest your men?" inquired Bishop Whipple of the chief of the railway yards. "Study a locomotive," answered the railway officer.

"What shall I do for my empty church?" writes the rural minister to Professor Bailey, of Cornell. "Take a course in agriculture," replies Professor Bailey.

"May the time soon come," said Professor Mitchell, of Richmond College, now President of the University of South Carolina, "when it will be the usual thing to pray for good roads," and, he might have added, for the abolition of child labor and race prejudice, for the tuberculosis crusade, for pure food legislation, for civic righteousness, and for healthful and moral amusements.

It is not necessary for the country minister to become a specialist in agriculture, but he should be thoroughly acquainted with the economic and social conditions which make or mar the religious life of his people. He should be prepared to urge educational reform, to encourage healthful pleasures, to aid in agricultural improvement, and in so doing to apply the teachings of Jesus Christ to actual conditions.

"The kingdom of God is within you," said Christ. Jesus came to give life in all its fullness. When the seminaries prepare men to understand life and its problems, students will come to them again, and the minister will win men and women to the principles of the Christian religion.

III—TWENTY-FIVE SEMINARIES SPEAKING FOR THEMSELVES

IT is a serious criticism that is embodied in the foregoing articles by Mr. Stelzle and Mr. Jones. If it is substantiated by the facts, it is one that cannot fairly be ignored.

Last December representatives of the great body of Protestant churches in America, assembled as a Federal Council, adopted, by deliberate vote, a significant policy. They acknowledged that the churches ought to recognize that society to-day is being reorganized, and they declared that the churches ought to study the social conditions of to-day, and be active in applying to modern industry the teachings of Jesus, in establishing close relations with wage-earners and employers, and in curing the evils characteristic of the

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modern world. In order to discover how well substantiated such criticism as that of Mr. Stelzle and Mr. Jones was, The Outlook wrote to thirty-nine of the leading theological seminaries, and, inclosing an outline of the policy announced by these representatives of the churches, asked each of these seminaries to state what it was doing to prepare its students to meet the needs of the time, and to fulfill the duties of the Church as defined in this programme of the Federal Council.

Of the thirty-nine, The Outlook has received information from twenty-five. What are these twenty-five seminaries doing to make of their students men fit to cope with the moral and religious problems of the capitalist, of the wage-earner, of the tenement dweller, of the engineer, of the farmer, with the problems that cry in the streets of the congested city, that moan about the doorways of the abandoned farm, that flaunt themselves at the screened entrance of the saloon, that mark the faces of the tired children in the factory, that grime the air of the iron town, that summon men and women to councils of war against poverty and wretchedness and disease, that have created settlements, that have given a new meaning to philanthropy, and that have come upon the church asleep? In the first place, it is clear that in regard to some seminaries the criticism of Mr. Stelzle and Mr. Jones is more than substantiated. Of the twenty-five, five have no course, within or without the regular curriculum, devoted to social conditions or to religion as a social force; and of these five, two do not even pretend to have these topics treated incidentally in courses on other subjects. Indeed, from the answers sent by at least two seminaries, and from the fact that fourteen seminaries sent no information whatever, it is not altogether unreasonable to assume that even in this day some seminaries do not so much as understand the question.

In the second place, it is clear that in regard to a large proportion of seminaries the criticism is materially substantiated. Seven out of the twenty-five have not even a single course in the regular curriculum devoted to social conditions or to religion as a social force; and at least seventeen out of the twenty-five provide neither means for acquainting their students with social conditions at first hand nor opportunity for engaging in social work. In other words, among these schools for physicians of the soul fully one-quarter fail to give regular instruction in spiritual physiology, and virtually two-thirds maintain no clinic.

In the third place, it is clear that in regard to a considerable number of seminaries the criticism in its extreme form is not strictly applicable. Of the twenty-five seminaries at least eighteen have regular courses in these subjects. Indeed, it is evident that about one-half, and possibly two-thirds, of these seminaries have begun seriously to undertake to deal with this matter, and many theological professors are as urgent as any critic in advocating a change.

To summarize the information: At least eighteen seminaries are offering regular courses on subjects relating to the social aspects of religion; eight seminaries (six identical with the foregoing eighteen) are offering special lectures on these subjects. Two of these, in addition, hold conferences or debates on these subjects. Twelve present these subjects incidentally in courses on other subjects. Four, possibly eight, seminaries direct their students in acquiring, by actual experience, some acquaintance with social problems. At least three of these largely maintain certain social settlements; and one grants each year four or more "social service scholarships." In more than one seminary the attempt is made to give instruction concerning problems of country life. At least six seminaries can offer their students the opportunity of pursuing the study of social conditions by taking courses in affiliated universities.

In some cases the instruction offered in social subjects is very extensive. At Hartford, for example, in addition to a course in Christian Ethics, which is largely concerned with the relation of Christian faith to social institutions, there are courses covering such subjects as the science and methods of foreign missions, the sociological problems of foreign missions, and the course of sociological progress in mission lands; business methods in mission work; instruction in medicine, including treatment of medical and surgical

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emergencies; social problems in city missions; general principles of sociology; specific problems in sociology; history and theory of Socialism; the labor problem. An almost equal variety of courses is offered at the Boston University School of Theology. And there, as at Hartford, the city is used as a "social clinic." The Harvard Divinity School offers, in conjunction with other departments of Harvard University, an almost bewildering number of courses in subjects pertaining to social life; but there the effect of tradition is shown in the fact that though candidates for the degree of Bachelor of Divinity "are not allowed to neglect entirely any one of the following departments: Old Testament, New Testament, Church History, Theology, Homiletics," they may apparently ignore altogether, if they choose, all courses on human conditions of the present. Yale supplements courses on Christian Sociology by a recently established course of lectures on pastoral functions from the point of view of men engaged in practical affairs. The Divinity School of the University of Chicago, besides offering courses in ecclesiastical sociology, the social teachings of Jesus, and the social aspects of Christian doctrine, offers also to its students courses in sociology and religious education under other departments of the University. Oberlin Theological Seminary has a special department of Practical Theology presenting six courses or half-courses on such subjects as the Current Demands on the Minister, Modern Church Administration, Christian Sociology, Religious Education, and Missions. This Seminary, moreover, has in its other departments emphasized the social aspects of theological studies. Union Theological Seminary in New York also presents social questions in several courses, and has developed the spirit of social service to a large degree. Meadville Theological School has a department of Sociology, and presents social questions by means of special lectures and through practical first-hand study. Rochester, Auburn, Garrett Biblical Institute, the General Theological Seminary, Union Biblical Seminary, the Episcopal Theological School at Cambridge, the Pacific Theological Seminary, the Southern Baptist Seminary, McCormick Theological Seminary, and Bangor all have regular courses on social subjects. Some of these are of the highest excellence.

This record is better than many readers of the articles by Mr. Stelzle and Mr. Jones might be led to expect. Four facts, however, should be remembered: first, that much of this is of very recent achievement—a growth in many cases of only the past two or three years; second, that, substantial as it seems to be, it is still far from what it should be; third, that less than half the number of seminaries invited to send information have made it clear that they are seriously engaged in fitting men to direct the churches in the duties which those churches acknowledge are of special gravity; and, fourth, that these facts are gathered from the most progressive and influential third of the total number of seminaries, and therefore make the situation appear much more favorable than it really is. This is what these seminaries say for themselves.

A letter from the Pacific slope points out the interesting fact that the recent experiences of San Francisco, and indeed of the State of California, have been of a nature to impress upon theological students the need of applying the principles of religion to social conditions. Several letters either explicitly or implicitly make the excuse that so much is required of a seminary to-day—in particular of an Episcopal seminary by the canons of the Church—that it is difficult for the authorities to find room in the curriculum for instruction of this highly practical nature. And one writer neatly makes what seems to be a counter attack, but what is in fact a keen thrust at the seminaries as well as their critics. "Permit me to add," he says, "that those resolutions, beautiful as they are, will hardly prove sufficient to satisfy even the reasonable complaints of the toilers of America. The beauty of them, to quote the well-known remark of Captain Bunsby, lies in the application of them, and I fear that there are too many who will add, as he did, 'which are no `part of my business.' Mark Twain's bitter satire, that the Golden Rule is something to be exhibited on Sundays in the churches in a glass case, will apply to all these rules if they are,

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after all, simply put on exhibition. And the problem of problems is the problem of ways and means: how are we going to do the things which we have so highly and nobly resolved? It is rather depressing to some of us to read the papers read at the Council by men who had never lifted a finger to do the things that they were insisting upon so eloquently. Dr. Johnson's famous advice has not yet lost its meaning: 'We should clear our minds of cant.'"

THE REAL COMMENCEMENT

BY CHARLES MOREAU HARGER

IF you think Commencement is completely presented only in the big university and in the college, it goes to prove that your observation of things educational has been limited, and that you are far behind the times.

How many colleges and universities are there—a dozen or two to a State? And those who take part in the cap and gown parades, who listen to ponderous addresses and gather at class reunions, are grown men and women. They realize all the shams and criticise the orations. It is a solemn time as well as a joyful time, like a wedding or a christening or a golden marriage anniversary.

But a high school Commencement! That is an affair of pristine glory. It is the first Commencement for those who are its chief actors. It comes to them when youth is one delightful round of wonderment. It is the year's great event for the community—and there are hundreds of high schools to one college!

Of late years the high school Commencement has taken on college airs. You remember, and so do I, when the close of the year's school work was known simply as the "Last Day." About its most notable feature was that every pupil in the school was compelled to "speak"—unless he ran away, as some of us did, trusting that the teacher would forget by September.

Those who obeyed orders went tremblingly through the ordeal, stammering a much-rehearsed poem with sing-song adherence to rhythm and meter, or reading a semi-plagiarized essay on "The Character of Washington." At the end the principal gave each a certificate of scholarship, and those of the A class were graduated.

Nowadays, high schools have "semesters;" their Commencement plans begin in October with the rivalry for honor places.

"I think Nan will be valedictorian," is the surmise. "Anne would have it, but she missed six weeks with measles." It is a matter of grades; the fractional per cents are precious.

Soon after New Year comes the class play. This is really the first of Commencement. A dramatic production that will allow the entire class to appear is chosen—it may be "Romeo and Juliet" or the "College Widow," depending on the size and ability of the class. Loyal friends and neighbors gather at the town "opera-house" and applaud through the Thespian effort.

From that time the senior class puts on airs. Its members refer to it as "our crowd," and profess to believe it the smartest and handsomest group that ever won honors in the school.

High school brings a few shocks to us older folks. You have been priding yourself that your sons and daughters think more of your company than of any other person's whatsoever. You have accompanied them to the circus, to "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and to the moving-picture show—you are chums, real chums, and it shall always be the same.

And one evening when they have been in the high school awhile, your high school girl comes to you after dinner, and, a little bashfully, says: "Father, may I go to the

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party in the National Guard hall next week—all the girls are going?"

"Why, I guess so," you reply; then add, "Shall I come after you when it is over?" You know better, of course, for fathers are not fooled by these high school schemes, but you have to make a play at keeping your ground.

"No—no," is the hesitating answer. "You see—the boys are going too!"

The boys are going too! Father is out of it. High school social lines have been formed, and he is not included. He realizes it more as the weeks pass. The home is filled almost every evening with bright-eyed young girls and embarrassed young men—boys they seem to him. Father is not needed at all, and takes refuge with the two-year-old pet of the family, hoping she will remain true to him.

Commencement week proper opens with a baccalaureate sermon—ever hear of a baccalaureate sermon for the high school when you were young? It is another college custom taken out to the country town. Good custom, too, but seems odd to us older folks.

Some rivalry exists among the local clergy as to which minister shall deliver the address—it means one good Sunday night congregation. If the senior class be largely Methodist, that denomination's pastor is the choice—though it is the custom to pass it around, giving each church its turn. The senior girls wear their pretty summer dresses (not their graduation gowns, you know, but something else that is white and ribbony). The boys are in "conventional black," as the local paper puts it. The class sits on the front seats and the church is crowded to the doors—for all the other ministers take advantage of the occasion to enjoy a rest that evening, dismissing their congregations.

Or it may be held in the opera-house, with the class and a half-dozen ministers seated on the stage. In either case the audience is the biggest Sunday evening gathering of the year; and the minister, in deference to the outpouring, preaches a solid hour, his address fairly bristling with good advice and pastoral admonition. The town's most gifted songstress sings the offertory solo, and the collection helps out the salary of the fortunate clergyman.

About this time is the annual reception, when the seniors entertain the faculty—ever hear of a "faculty" in your school days? It is held at the home of the student whose parents have the largest dwelling, and includes a banquet—anything to eat that requires plates and cups is a "banquet" in the country town. Some toasts follow, with such titles as: "Our Faculty," "The Football Victories," "The School Board," "Our Gifted Seniors," "The Fatal Holiday," or other local references.

All this is only preliminary. The high school of to-day has a "class day." How our fathers and mothers in the little country town of western New York or eastern Pennsylvania would have been startled at such a thing! How they would have been astounded to see the classes line up in different sections of the opera-house, each with its seats decorated in class colors, each with pennants and banners, each with a cheer leader to direct the class yells, which are something fearsome when confined within a moderate-sized room. The programme is such a good imitation of the college way, such clever acting on a childish stage of grown-ups' ideas of class loyalty! There are greetings to the incoming freshmen and farewells to outgoing seniors, sharp reflections on happenings of the year, and various quips at the faculty. The hall is filled with the pupils' parents and friends, for the public high school's doings are one of the biggest things for the average town, ranking in popularity above the lecture course and the revival meeting.

Everybody enjoys class night—even the bunch of bad boys expelled during the year, who gather in the rear of the gallery and give at intervals a yell concocted for the occasion:

"Wash 'em out, wring 'em out,
Best you ever saw!
Swimmin' Hole high school,
'Rah, rah, rah!"

The janitor finally captures the leader and pushes him out of doors—and that settles that yell.

Thus the high school leads up to Commencement night, which is a serious occasion. The high school annual—another touch of college life in the country town—has been issued. It has dilated duly on the rare ability of the senior class, and

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has published portraits of the members. The class poem, sometimes wonderfully made; the class prophecy, predicting exalted careers for all; the class song, with something in it about "School days are ended now and into the world we go"—all this has been put forth, and high anticipations are aroused in the mind of the public. Notices appear in the local paper: "The Ancient Order of Truthful Knights will not meet Friday evening, because of Commencement," "The Ladies' Columbian League meeting is postponed one week on account of high school Commencement." Every seat in the opera-house is sold a week ahead—wisdom is to be on tap for all.

I know what you are thinking of—the class members grouped in a semicircle on the stage, the three scared boys in new ready-made black suits, the seventeen pretty girls in fluffy white dresses (*the* gowns of the year), each senior holding a ribbon-tied manuscript bulging with thoughts on "Beyond the Alps Lies Italy," "Our Ship is Launched—Whither Shall it Sail?" and similar toipcs.

No, you are old-fashioned. Even that era is past. So is the good old time when everybody who wished to give favors or presents to the graduates brought them to the hall. After each essay or oration ushers hurried up the aisles and laid the offerings at the feet of the yet trembling speaker.

What fun that was! I remember when pretty Alice Delany, daughter of the village banker, read her sweet essay on "Life's Barque on a Stormy Sea." Her parents belonged to large and prominent families, and the way the ushers carried to the stage bouquets of American Beauties, blue and gold editions of "Lucile," and articles of virtu was a wonder. When all the bric-à-brac had been heaped around her chair, only her head and shoulders were visible—and it held the record for two years, until Jennie Conroy, the daughter of the other banker, was graduated. Then the record was finally established, for only head and neck were visible.

But these times are different. A new dignity has been added to high school Commencement. Only the salutatory, the valedictory, and a few pieces of music are contributed by local talent. The chief place on the programme is taken by an out-of-town speaker.

Right here a bit of advice. If you get an invitation to deliver a Commencement address, accept it. You will have the best time of your life. Only two things are needed to make a speech enjoyable to the speaker—a sufficient and sympathetic audience and a subject. Here you have both. The hall will be filled with the best people of the town—the ministers, doctors, lawyers, and business men, with their families. They will come regardless of who is to make the address, because it is the town's chief educational event. They will come out of regard for tradition and out of respect to the senior class and to the high school in general. It is like church—the congregation will give respectful hearing. That is why it is so much more satisfactory than a political meeting, when half your hearers feel like throwing brickbats at you, believing that you are preaching rank heresy.

The high school Commencement speaker, too, is likely to be somebody belonging to the order of "Who's Who." He may be a preacher of more than local fame as a pulpit orator, a university president, or a professor with State-wide reputation, an editor who has some ideas beyond the pages of his paper, an author who can talk as well as write, a lawyer who gets outside his profession in his study and reading. Whoever it be, he is certain to be of prominence some way, somewhere. And there is demand for a good many speakers, because the Commencement period covers only two or three weeks in May, and most high schools close on Thursday or Friday.

The speaker fully realizes his honor. He thinks and thinks and thinks concerning what he should say to the graduating class of the Powhatan high school. He writes and tears up pages of manuscript; he discovers that most of the good things he wants to say have been said before.

Finally, he reopens his suit-case three times to be certain that the manuscript is safely there with his dress clothes, and takes the train for his appointment. Of course if he be a preacher or a regular lecturer, he has no misgivings, but more often than not he is neither of these. He is met at the station by the high school

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principal or the superintendent of the city schools; he is taken to the best hotel for dinner, and he begins to feel that he is quite an important personage in town—for that occasion. He takes a final glance at his "piece" as he waits for the committee which is to escort him to the opera-house.

The country town "opera-house" may be over a hardware store; it may be a wooden, shed-like structure, or it may be a jewel of a show place. In any event, it is this evening alight with interest; it is decorated in colors of the graduating class; it is filling slowly with auditors. Outside the members of the high school, few boys and girls attend; it is a serious and mature audience. Furthermore, he will be introduced by the school principal, or maybe by a local dignitary who is president of the board of education:

"Ladies and gentlemen, it is a great honor to have as our speaker this evening—"

Then—what shall he say? What does he say? If he be competent for the place—and he will get only one invitation to make an address if he is not—he will exalt the worth of an education. Somewhere in his talk he will tell every member of the class that a college or university education is an essential to the highest success in this age. The arguments of high school Commencement speakers have more to do with the increasing attendance of our higher institutions than is commonly understood.

A distinct impetus toward broader education is noticeable in the town the next day as, in the newspaper offices, in the post-office, and at the stores and homes, the speech of the evening before is discussed. The speaker may have been no great orator—indeed, probably he was not—but out of his thinking and studying, despite his nervousness and timidity, he has earnestly sought to instill a love of true education into the community and to foster a deeper interest in the school.

From a big basket the principal takes one by one the long rolls of parchment, gorgeous diplomas with gold seals and red ribbons—ever have a diploma when you were young?—sumptuous enough for a degree from Oxford, and hands them to the class members, who are duly impressed with the importance of the height they have at last attained.

And it does mean a good deal, for from the list of those who receive these pieces of parchment is to be recruited practically every freshman class in every college and university in the Nation. These graduates make up the finest body of youth in our land. The members of each class—twenty or thereabouts—are the survival of eighty or ninety who entered high school four years previous and of one hundred who passed from the grammar grades. They are the pick of the land, and when the college takes its choice from these, five or six perhaps of the twenty, it has the best material on earth from which to develop rounded manhood and womanhood.

When the parchments have all been taken from the basket comes the class song, the work of local talent, expressing plaintively the regret of the graduates that they must leave the dear, dear old school, where they have been so happy, where never was a note but that of joy; that they must say good-by to beloved teachers and familiar scenes; that their paths must diverge on unknown ways, and so forth, and so forth. Really, the singers do seem sorry, for the high school Commencement of to-day intensifies school loyalty—and that is a good thing, too.

Perhaps an alumni banquet follows, when the newly graduated pupils are brought into the fold, and the older classes, broken by absence and death, hold little reunions down at the ends of the tables. Good deal like a college Commencement, isn't it? The college undergraduate of these times finds little to surprise him, so perfect has been his rehearsal in high school.

The speaker ponders it as he rides homeward, and though he knows he is no Demosthenes and that he failed at times to reach heights of eloquence to which he aspired, the sympathetic faces that were before him, the bright-eyed graduates who thanked him for his words, and the hand-clasps that came when the address was ended remain as a delightful memory—for he believes that he has done some good.

With all the thousands of high school Commencements, there certainly can be in the American country town no lack of enthusiasm for higher education.

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FROM MOSCOW TO SAMARA

BY LEROY SCOTT

FRIENDS selected the train I should go on. "It's a fine train," they said, enthusiastically; "not so good as the Great Siberian Express, of course, but that costs twice as much. But it'll whirl you right along."

I thanked them, said good-by, and stepped into the little sleigh waiting at the hotel entrance. My suit-case, the whole of my baggage, which the porter put in after me, caught their eyes. They started forward.

"But wait—your bedding!" they cried. "Where's your bedding?"

"Bedding?" said I.

"Of course! And your teakettle? Where's your teakettle?"

Somewhat dazed, I admitted that I had neither—whereat they gazed upon me with the dismay that a veteran of Arctic expeditions might bestow upon an adventurer who was jauntily setting out for the North Pole in duck trousers and a straw hat. But they had no time to expostulate, for my driver, the core of a dozen layers of blankets, struck his horse with the buckled end of the lines, and away we whizzed over the polished snow—whizzed through the queer old streets of Moscow, Moscow of the thousand blue and golden domes.

This trip from Moscow to Samara, near the eastern edge of Russia, was to be my first experience on a truly Russian train; for the expresses between Moscow and St. Petersburg and the capitals of western Europe, on which only I thus far had traveled, are more or less like other good European trains. Moreover, the trip had another spring of interest: at last I was to travel upon the famous Trans-Siberian Road—which talk with Russian officials had led me to believe to be the only railway in the world worth speaking about.

I bought my ticket and hurried—a thing I later learned one didn't do in Russia—for my train. Just ahead of me was a figure that made me—well, wouldn't you laugh, too, if you saw a tall man striding along with a dignity that fully matched his rich fur overcoat, and carrying under one arm a roll composed of a couple of pillows, a blanket, a red-flowered comforter, and swinging from the other hand a little tin teakettle with blackened bottom? And wouldn't you laugh, too, if you saw stiff officers, and booted peasants, and pretty girls, and plump matrons whose generous amplitude was thickened several inches by their great baggy fur coats—if you saw everybody carrying an armload of bedding and a little tin teakettle? Perhaps you wouldn't, but I did.

But my laugh turned to a choking gasp as I entered my car. Such air! Foul, suffocating—there are no words for it; it was dead and decomposing, and the coach was its coffin. The double windows had been screwed down, the cracks calked, at the first nipping autumn air; double doors defended each end of the coach (entrance was from the ends, in the American fashion); the coach was divided crosswise into three compartments the full width of the car, each compartment with its own doors; and mine was the middle compartment! The air in my room had been entombed for three long months; it had been used by some thousand persons, each of whom had impressed upon it something of his individuality and habits—and that air I now had to breathe for two days and nights!

Faint and dizzy, I sank into the end of a seat next the window. A man entering my compartment with a huge bundle inclosed in a red comforter got stuck in the door, and through it came a whiff of half-alive air. I gasped at it and began to revive; when some one, in the tone used in voicing a public injury, shouted:

"Shut that door!"

The offender, with a great pull, got his household goods in, and the closing door cut off the exasperating air. And presently our train drew slowly out.

Sick at stomach though I was, I began to take note of my fellow-travelers. The compartment had a long seat at each end, and two long seats back to back in the middle, which divided the compart-

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ment into halves; and in preparation for the night the back of the seats had been turned up, so that each seat was a double-decked bed. Beside me on one of the middle seats was a pale, pock-marked, good-humored young woman with a kettle and all the furnishings for a bedroom except bedstead and wash-stand. She lived somewhere down in Turkestan, she told me in frank, smiling confidence which revealed her peasant stock, days and days away, where her husband was a twenty-ruble-a-month railway conductor. An operation had become necessary for her, she had been sent on a pass to Moscow to a hospital, and now she was hoping to get home alive. Opposite me, with bedding, teakettle, and other baggage so disposed on the seven-foot seat as to deter any one from claiming a share of it, was a pretty, formal, stupid-looking girl, whose superior manner announced that she was not accustomed to this traveling second-class, and who let the compartment know by a prompt accidental remark that her father was a general. In the half of the compartment behind me was a young cavalry lieutenant, spurred and sworded and kettled. Also there was a family of three who had moved in and set up light housekeeping; on the seat, window-sill, baggage-racks, were loaves of bread, cans of fish, papers of tea, a chunk of butter, several sausages—in short, a little delicatessen store—and, of course, bedclothes and kettle.

That array of pillows and blankets and red comforters lugged in by these people, and all those absurd little kettles, certainly did tickle my American sense of the ridiculous. I laughed and laughed. But presently I became aware of the unpleasant fact that the other people in the compartment were snickering at me—which suddenly subdued my sense of humor. And then I discovered why they were laughing. I *did not have* a roll of bedclothes and a teakettle!

The young woman—the one who hoped to get home alive—lit a cigarette and puffed contentedly. With smiling comradery she held out her case to me; but one cigarette in that coach was enough—I smilingly refused. But my abstention profited me nothing. The lieutenant and the people behind me started their cigarettes going; all were diligent smokers, with quite a talent for the business, and though it was a marvel to me how the smoke edged into that already packed atmosphere, the compartment was soon a dense fog. I wondered how I was going to live through the two days ahead of me—and also I wondered what that air would be like by the time far-distant May unscrewed the windows.

Presently my roommates began to arrange their blankets and red comforters into beds, now and again passing me a grin. I was getting rather tired of those grins. When the porter next came through the coach, I handed him half a ruble. I'd show those Russians whether they could laugh at me or not!

"Just bring me some bedclothes and make up my bed," I said, offhand and easy.

The porter pocketed the silver—put it far down into his trousers, buttoned his long coat, rebuckled his belt, so there could never be any getting the money out again; and then he besought me to pardon him, it wasn't his fault, it was just the way things were—but the train carried no bedclothes. And, holding his coat tight over my half-ruble, he hurried on.

The Russian grins widened. I quickly crawled up to my upper shelf, which, to say the truth, was in itself comfortable enough. Later, at the first provincial hotel I stopped at, I learned that there was a further reason for carrying your own bedding. There I was ushered into a big, desolate room, containing a bedstead and bare mattress, and left to stare at a tariff card on the wall, which begged to inform me that sheets, pillows, pillow-cases, blankets, and towels could be supplied, if due notice were given, at so much apiece. But your forehanded Russian regards the demands of that tariff-sheet as brigandage, and he foils it by traveling with half his house upon his back.

With my suit-case as a pillow I tried to compose myself to sleep. On the upper berth of the other middle seat (our two berths were edge against edge) was stretched the young lieutenant, boots and sword on, gazing in gentle rumination at the ceiling, and calmly smoking cigarette after cigarette. As there was no partition between us, our berths were to all pur-

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poses one and the same bed. Now, I ask any man who reads this, did you ever try to court sweet slumber with the small of your neck hooked over the edge of your sole-leather suit-case, with a bed-mate who slept in his sword and boots and spurs, and who seemed pleasantly unconcerned whether he dropped his cigarette ashes down into the aisle or into your more convenient ear? If you've never had such a bed-mate, then it's beyond me to describe the sensation of suddenly awakening and thinking your vest is on fire, of having a strange scabbard intruding upon the privacy of your couch and assaulting your ribs, of having spurs with strong heels behind them plunged into the dearest region of your calves.

But I did doze off, and when I was not shiveringly wishing for a red-flowered comforter, I slept a prodded sort of sleep. Suddenly I was doubly awakened by a jar of the train and a jab of my neighhor's spurs. I opened my eyes, which completed my toilet, and saw my fellows hurrying out of the car, each with his little tin teakettle. At that procession of kettles I again grinned. Brushing by the procession, in came a broad, oleaginous priest, a big, three-armed silver cross upon his breast, a long coat lined with red fox falling over his black robes, his greasy black-and-gray hair hanging in sticky ropes upon his shoulders. He moved into one corner of the seat the belongings of my general's daughter, who was of the kettle brigade, and, with his bedding, his hamper of provisions, his kettle, and his broad self, seized upon two-thirds of the territory that had been held against all comers by the fair monopolist.

I clambered from my eyrie and out of the coach. At one end of the station was gathered the train's multitude. Their center was a shed-covered brick furnace, from a faucet in which they were filling their kettles with boiling water. These furnaces, I later learned, were at every station, and the water was at the free disposal of every passenger.

Food, not water, was what I wanted; but the only supply about that solitary snow-swept station was a tray of rolls, all with a battered, second-hand appearance, carried by a shivering old woman in shoes of braided flags. I was hungry, so I chose one that looked to have had the fewest previous owners. Back in the car, I did battle with that roll. But it bested me—bested me completely. The tail of my eye was wistfully on my neighbors all busy making tea, and I was beginning to wish I had a little kettle myself, when my cheery seat-mate, who had finished drinking her tea, guessed my desire, rinsed out her single cup, brewed a fresh drink and offered it to me. With that I returned to the roll and conquered. And thereafter we struck up a partnership—and it was I who ran out with the kettle.

My general's daughter had been scowling at the fat priest for his trespass, and that smug, oily presence, knee to knee with me, didn't add to my pleasure either; moreover, he had opened his hamper and had found my seat a convenient place for his pickles, cold ham, and butter. But he paid no heed to the young woman's darkening scowl; chewing, he gazed straight ahead of him with a complacent look of sleek and lofty moral superiority that fitted him like a garment purchased at a pawnshop. I was constantly expecting, aye, hoping, for the outbreak of hostilities between the two. But this was averted, and in this wise:

At a small city, drawn up beside the station stood three prancing horses in silver-mounted harness, hitched abreast to a sleigh in which reclined a fur-buried noble, and around this splendid *troika* were little hand-hewn, wicker-bodied peasant sledges with shaggy, pot-bellied, bony, drooping ponies. My seat-mate remarked to the aristocrat across the way upon the contrast between the two, and spoke of the peasants' poverty as the fault of the Government. The general's daughter bridled—out poured her words: the peasants were only pigs, they deserved no better, their poverty they brought upon themselves, education and privileges would only make them worse, they'd come to nothing if the aristocracy didn't rule over them—and all the rest of the doctrine that the upper dog in Russia enounces concerning the dog it is holding down. My seat-mate replied, and replied so well as to surprise me. Whereupon the priest, who was then engaged upon a chicken thigh which he held in his hands (the rest of the chicken was reposing on his knees), joined

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forces with the general's daughter. He turned upon my young woman and in a booming voice, a voice that knew nothing could controvert it, stated in many and sonorous words that, as things were, so God had ordered them, and that it was a crime against the Czar, an offense against the Holy Russian Church, and a sin in the eyes of the Most High, to make complaint or to speak of change.

There was enough sound in all this to batter one to the floor. But my pale, pock-marked seat-mate, who wanted to get home alive, with some excitement, yet smiling, proceeded to reply to him of the half-gnawed chicken thigh; and the way she annihilated that portly prop of the Czar was a joy to the soul. He tried to stand his ground, but she, smiling all the while, routed him at every point. He rose precipitately, which sent his roasted chicken rolling beneath our seat—the same being recovered only after much grunting—and, embracing hamper, chicken, bedding, and kettle, he swept out of the compartment with a wrathful fling at people who did not respect the person of God's earthly deputies.

His exit pleased us all—even the general's daughter. I expressed to my seat-mate my surprise at her readiness of argument, and she, lighting another cigarette, chattily informed me that when she had gone to the hospital she had had not an idea. But during her five months there the young doctor who had treated her had secretly talked revolution and socialism to her—as they did to all their patients, trying to make a cure and a convert together—and now she was going back to Turkestan a revolutionist and a socialist.

All this time our express—the "fine train" of my Moscow friends—had been moving across the flat, snow-buried country with the reposeful manner of reward overtaking virtue. Its gait was a sort of dog-trot; my impatient imagination saw the engine's red tongue lolling out. And whenever it grew a little tired or out of breath, which was every few miles, it squatted down upon its haunches and sat there from fifteen minutes to two hours. Once, in Nova Scotia, when on a train dubbed by the enthusiastic time-table "The Imperial Purple Express," a train with similar habits of leisure, the genial conductor had halted amid a wild tract of scrub pine to let us get out to pick blueberries; but no such reason existed in the wide snow fields in which we paused. No one seemed to know why we stopped, or when we'd start again, least of all the conductor, who replied to my questions as though such matters were entirely beyond the circle of his affairs. And no one seemed to mind, except myself, they have great patience, Russians, and a faith that almost passeth understanding. "We'll get there after a while," my seat-mate cheered me. I was not so sure of that.

At one station, where it seemed the train had decided to change its occupation and settle down to a staid career as a hotel, I got off and walked up the platform toward the engine. Engines, I should say, for although there was no grade and but the usual number of coaches, two engines headed the train. They looked queer to me, those engines, but I didn't know why till I chanced to see the date-plate of the leader. That engine was made in 1874. I sought the date-plate of the other. 1867!

Well, if I had been working as long as those engines, I'd stop to rest, too.

And this was a "fine train" on the great Trans-Siberian Road! I was glad my Moscow friends hadn't picked me out a poor one.

The waiting-rooms in the stations of the cities were all jammed. In the third-class rooms the people were lying on the floor, on top of their bundles, on top of each other. There was no bustle; no one seemed in a hurry.

"How long have you been waiting here?" I asked of one man lying on his bundle.

"Only three days," said he.

"Three days!" I exclaimed. "How's that?"

"The trains going my way have all been full, and they wouldn't let me on," he said; and he added hopefully: "Oh, I'll get a train in a day or two."

That was the situation with most of the other sprawling waiters; and after having missed one train your Russian does not go home and come back for the next (due the following day, for usually there is but one available train in twenty-four hours): he camps out in the station

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and hopes for the morrow. Such congestion could easily be relieved by putting on an extra coach or two; some day, perhaps, this revolutionary measure will occur to some railway official over there, and then we'll hear of a new Russian genius.

In middle Russia the third-class rooms were filled with Russian peàsants, in big felt boots and sheepskin coats. But as we moved toward Siberia there were groups of squatting, close-cropped Tartars, perhaps kneeling on their prayer-rugs, amid peasants who laughed, or hacked chunks from big sausages, or played with greasy cards; groups of black-haired, swarthy Tsiganes, gaudy of dress, lithe of body, carrying accordions—a tribe that wanders about Russia and is to that country what Gypsies are to the rest of the world; knots of robed merchants from Arabia, from China, from Hindustan; and beggars, beggars everywhere, for Russia, however poor in other respects, has more beggars per railway station than any other country in the world.

For the sake of variety I went into a third-class coach. Here the air— But I failed to describe the atmosphere of the second-class, so why strain at a greater task? Three candles, the sole light of the compartment, were gasping for breath. The seats, hard boards, were opened for the night, but here, instead of two tiers of berths, there were three, and as people were stretched on the floor under most of the seats, the berths were in reality four-deckers. Lying, sitting, squatting upon folded legs, were all peoples of eastern Europe and broad Asia. And not only people; for one woman, as I discovered after the conductor had passed, had beneath her apron a bound and gagged live pig.

And the beggars! They swarmed on at every station, and rode with us for miles—beggars with bared running sores, with all sorts of deformities thrust temptingly upon the attention of our charity, with old music-boxes that coughed out broken tunes, with pinched, tattered children to demonstrate their need of aid; religious beggars with a photograph of the church for which they were asking funds hanging by a string from the neck; beggars whose patches on patches hung together, when they did hang together, only by a miracle. As for their traveling expenses, when the conductor came through they slipped him, with an appearance of stealth, a few kopeks from their alms—and all was well. One innocent (he was not a beggar, however) tendered a ticket, in which, of course, there was no profit for the conductor. "You must be a millionaire," growled the defrauded trainman, "if you can afford to buy a ticket!"

The two old engines trotted on, sat down for a rest, then wheezed and grunted rheumatically on again, I getting off now and then with my neighbor's kettle, all through a day so slow that time seemed to be moving backwards. Here and there the vast white monotony of steppes was broken by a peasant village, the high-peaked, thatched houses huddling together like cold cattle, squatting so low that their sides were hardly visible, dominated by their single church with its cluster of green domes. Then for mile on mile nothing could be seen above the snow except the bending, white-plumed heads of weeds, with perhaps a peasant's sledge, the peasant shivering along beside it in sheepskin coat and slippers of braided flag.

That night I slept beside the sword and spurs again. And that night again I wished for a pillow and a red comforter. It was the next day that I made my great discovery. As I was sitting in my corner next the window I was startled by a faint, very faint presence of fresh air; and, investigating, found that a thin thread of outside air was coming in—though how it got through those hermetically sealed double windows is a mystery to me.

All day, as other two veterans dragged us along, I surreptitiously enjoyed my filament of air, what time I was not running out with my seat-mate's water-pot—and how I was beginning to wish I had a tin kettle all my own! But in the afternoon I was undone. The young woman from the hospital suddenly fainted. I quickly drew her to the window, and thrust her face to my pin-hole of air. That revived her all right. But it also revealed my secret. There was a general protest to the conductor, and he, after half an hour on his knees, calked the crevice with a bit of cotton-waste. Thereafter

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my only consolation was that things might be worse: suppose the month were April!

Across more stretches of snow-buried steppes we crawled; through more forests of ghostly firs; past more distant, huddling villages; over the broad, frozen Volga, where women were washing clothes in holes chopped through the ice; and at last, after two days and nights, my express drew into Samara—seven hundred miles in forty-eight hours—fifteen miles an hour. And I bade good-by to my "fine" train, and good-by to my pale, smiling, pock-marked young woman, who I hope got home alive.

In Samara I bought a red-flowered comforter, a pillow, and a teakettle.

THE FARMER AND HIS PROFITS

BY J. P. ROBERTS

[It should be stated that Professor Roberts was for thirty years the Dean of the College of Agriculture of Cornell University, and was retired recently, at the age of seventy, as Professor Emeritus and Carnegie Pensioner. He is the author of a number of the accepted college text-books on agriculture (Macmillan), especially "The Fertility of the Land," and is perhaps the foremost authority on that subject.—THE EDITORS.]

AT the present time many questions are being asked the farmer by the Commission on Country Life as to the difficulties of rural living. Without going into details of symptoms and minor causes, I desire to strike at the root of the matter, to point out the one cause which more than any other—indeed, more than all others—produces the conditions complained of. That cause is *lack of profits*.

A large number of farmers—I believe a majority of them—are now and for the last twenty-five years have been selling many of the staple crops at a real loss. By this I mean that if the farmer's time is charged up, to his wheat-field, for instance, at the wages of common laborers ($2 to $2.50 per day), and if there be added the other items in the cost of production, teams, the hired men and their board, threshing bills, seed and fertilizers—or if not fertilizers, then depreciation of land and use of land—the selling price of the crop will not balance the account. To make the account balance it will be necessary to cut the charge for use of land in two in the middle, and the wage will have to be divided by two, three, or four, according to the price of the grain and the yield. Astonishing as the statement is, it is a fact that many grain and hay farmers are working for fifty cents or less per day, and boarding themselves.

It cannot be gainsaid that when any product is sold for less than it costs to produce it, plus a fair profit, all suffer, though not in the same degree. For the last twenty-five years wheat has sold on an average, on the farm, at scarcely more than a cent a pound. At the present yield the farmer must receive *at least* two cents if he makes wages, and, if he receives a fair profit, two and one-half cents per pound. We boast of our mammoth grain crops and cheap bread, and then wonder, "What's the matter with the farmer?" and the man who buys his bread at less than cost answers, enthusiastically, "He's all right."

The average yield of wheat in 1900, according to the Census, was twelve and one-half bushels per acre; the average price was fifty-six and two-tenths cents per bushel, which gives an average gross income per acre of seven dollars and two and a half cents! Even those who have never seen a field of wheat growing can calculate that the compensation for production, which must include rent of land, interest on capital, labor, and seed, should amount to more than this. Although wheat has advanced somewhat in price since 1900, it is doubtful if the yield per

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acre has been maintained; but even adding a ten per cent advance, it appears that the wheat-raisers are receiving, in recent years, the monumental sum of seven dollars and seventy-two and three-fourths cents per acre for their wheat. The other cereals make little or no better showing, if the cost of labor to produce them is taken into account. The gross income in 1900 was as follows: Rye, $5.98; buckwheat, $7.12; oats, $7.35; corn, $8.73; barley, $9.31.

If twelve and one-half bushels is the average yield of wheat, it is self-evident that some raise more than the average and some raise less. Now all know who gets the hindmost, however strenuous a fight he may make. But this underpaid farmer, this "stingy old farmer," this "moss-back," this "silurian," can't be starved off the farm, for if he be at all industrious he has food at his door. A few bushels of grain or tons of hay, some eggs and butter, a little surplus of live stock, serve to pay the taxes and to purchase in moderation the few indispensable things not produced on the farm.

These old-time farmers have put up a most heroic fight. They went on these farms with little or no capital; unaided, many of them paid the purchase price of the land and put valuable improvements upon it before its productive power had diminished. This they did without having received a single word of instruction in the schools concerning the principles of agriculture. Do we treat the sons of doctors of medicine and of veterinary science who are to follow their fathers' calling as we treat the sons of the farmers? We call the untrained doctor a quack and the untrained doctor of veterinary science a cow doctor. Is it any wonder that the untrained farmer is called a hayseed?

The conservation of National resources is now much discussed, but scarcely a word is said directly about conserving the natural resources of the arable soil, that is, the plant-food, or the power of the land to produce abundantly. We cannot go on indefinitely depleting the soil of its humus, its nitrogen, potash, phosphoric acid, and friability, without paying the penalty which follows mining-farming. While we arrest the waste of the forests and reclothe the bare hill and mountain sides with trees, let us not forget that the arable land is suffering far greater depletion than the woodlands. The problem of forest and stream can and will be solved; Government control and liberal appropriations will in time bring about the desired results. But meanwhile almost nothing is being done to arrest the depreciation of the plowable fields. Until this time, when the land began to lose its power to produce paying crops, the farmer had only to pull up, pack his little belongings in a "prairie schooner," and trek westward, where virgin soil still awaited the agricultural miner. But now the pre-emption shanty looks out on the Pacific, and there is virtually no more virgin soil where the uninstructed farmer can ravish Mother Earth. The average yield per acre has only with difficulty been maintained by abandoning—for purposes of wheat culture—millions of depleted acres and substituting for them virgin acres; these in turn to be substituted by other virgin acres, until we are at last approaching the end. Still we go on raising wheat at a loss and selling the cream of our farms by the ship-load without profit or adequate reward.

The baker has just arrived, and I am wondering how much of my five-cent loaf of bread, which weighs twelve ounces, the farmer gets. When it comes back from the laboratory where it has been sent to determine its moisture content, I will know. However, I can readily see that he gets less than one cent of my five, and how the other four cents are distributed no one but a mathematician could hope to discover. The forests and streams from this time on will be intelligently conserved. The problem of how to conserve the productive power of the fields is far more difficult, for the Government cannot purchase all the farms which are being mismanaged and which are producing crops at a loss. Without question, the first step in its solution is to realize that, were it not for certain specialized crops, such as fruits and vegetables, which require skill in their production and which usually give fair rewards, and had it not been for that vast expanse of virgin soil which until now awaited the migrant cultivator, the American farmer would long since have fallen to the condition of a peasant.

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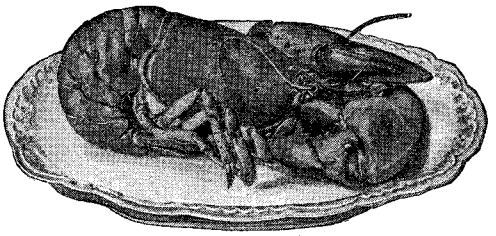

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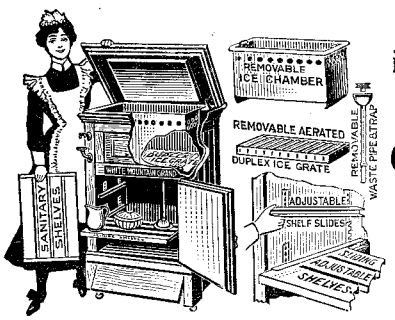

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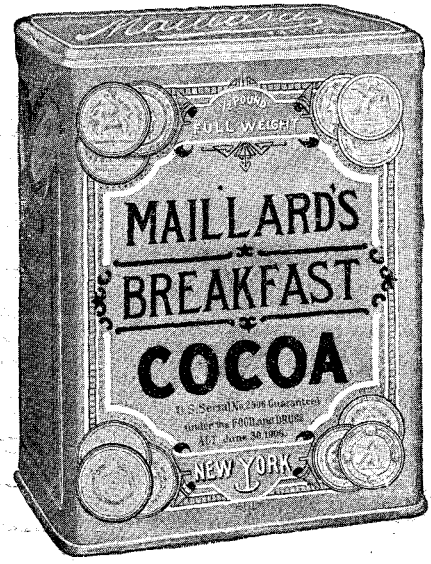

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